Penn's

Greene Country Towne

"Let every house be placed, if the person pleases, in the middle of its plat, as to the breadthway of it, so that there may be ground on each side for gardens or orchards, or fields, that it may be a greene country towne, which will never be burnt & always wholesome.

—*William Penn's Instructions to his Commissioners, William Crispin, John Bezar, & Nathaniel Allen, dated 30th of Sept., A. D. 1681.*

WILLIAM PENN

AFTER THE BEVAN CARVING

PENN'S
Greene Country Towne

PEN AND PENCIL SKETCHES
OF EARLY PHILADELPHIA
AND ITS PROMINENT CHARACTERS

BY

REV. S. F. HOTCHKIN
AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF GERMANTOWN," "THE OLD YORK ROAD," "BRISTOL PIKE," "RURAL PENNSYLVANIA," ETC., ETC., ETC.

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1903

To My Friend

SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER

GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA

WHO HAS DONE MUCH TO PRESERVE

THE HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH

OVER WHICH HE PRESIDES

This Volume is Dedicated

PREFACE.

It has been well said that "It is not necessary that those things which are constantly done should be noted in history, but those things that are rarely done." The history of Philadelphia, and of Pennsylvania in general, is a record of what has rarely been done in the world, and therefore it is most worthy of preservation.

In the following work the author has nowhere intentionally violated the essential truth of history. Yet there are passages in this narrative unsupported by any direct documentary evidence. They are not, however, free-handed fiction, and careful imaginative attempts to fill in the gaps inevitably left in the bare outline portraiture of character which is all that formal history

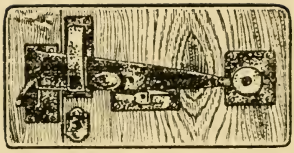
supplies. The more intimate aspects of a man's nature are more essentially personal and peculiar to himself than his public actions, yet they are almost necessarily slighted by public records. To supply these aspects by inference from known facts is a necessary task of the historian who would make his characters living men to his readers. His justification rests more upon the essential truth of his picture than upon any close limitation of his field of view to the facts proved by formal records.

Talfourd said, in describing Hazlitt, that imagination "makes truth visible in the forms of beauty, and substitutes intellectual vision for proof." In this view imagination has an honored place in history, which has been defined as "philosophy teaching by example." It is this function of the imagination which the author has essayed to exercise, always under due historic restraint.

Having for many years enjoyed the pleasures and privileges of a life in Philadelphia, he takes great interest in striving to make its remarkable origin, and even more remarkable Founder, known to others who walk its streets and dwell in its comfortable mansions, as well as to those who have known it only as visitors, or through the printed page.

S. F. H.

Rectory of St. Luke's Church,
Bustleton, Philadelphia.
October, 1903.



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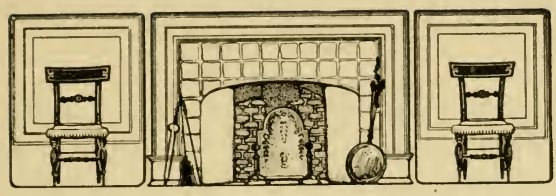
WILLIAM PENN

"ARMOR PORTRAIT"



The Vision

"My love beats hard against my breast,
So hard—can I confide now?
No! confidence might break my rest,
And faith will not be tried now.

. . . .

"Should he disclose his love to me
Whilst in the forest straying,
Were there a tongue in every tree,
What might they not be saying!"

—Pieter Cornelizoon Hooft.

The evening of October the fourteenth, Anno Domini 1644, was settling down into a dense London fog as the newly-made Captain Penn sat in the drawing-room of his house in St. Catherine's parish, near the Tower. The war between Charles the First and Parliament was stirring the kingdom, and the navy was at a loss how to act in the matter. The officer's head was filled with disquieting thoughts as he cogitated over the rumors of deadly strife which were constantly heard in the streets.

The young Captain had eaten his evening meal, and now sat by the fireplace, dreamily watching the cheerful gleam of its soft-coal fire playing upon the glittering silver candlesticks on the sideboard. He read a few letters from personal friends, full of thoughts of the impending strife, and then fell into a reminiscent mood. He thought of his old Welsh ancestors, who knew how to pray and to fight, and whom England had covered with her ample wing. The boyish life at Bristol rose up before him, and he recalled the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, where he was baptized. The Cathedral, the beautiful St. Mary Redcliffe, and the immense tide in the Avon from the Bristol Channel, were other youthful recollections of what was then the second city in importance in the kingdom.

Then there rose before his vision the pleasures and toils of sea-life, as the lad had served his nautical father, Giles Penn, in mercantile voyages, and had sailed over the Mediterranean, filled with thoughts of St. Paul's sea experiences, and those of many worthies of later years. Then came a lieutenancy in the Royal Navy, in which his

father was a captain. Then there crept in a sad reverie of the elder and only brother of the dreamer—George, the rich merchant in Seville, who had married a Spanish lady, and who was for three years a prisoner of the Inquisition; but in the Captain's vision this brother was only the Bristol boy and playmate.

Deeper and more personal thoughts loom up in his mind. There was a trip to quaint old Rotterdam, and business took the young man to the house of Hans Jasper, the alderman and merchant. Who is this stout young maiden, full of life, whom the eye of memory paints gliding through the hall, when the father bids her come in and speak with the young Englishman? The coy smile and demure look of the damsel give way to a thrill of sympathy as the seaman, like Othello, tells his fair Desdemona stories of the perils of the sea.

Providence has settled two young lives, and business which is too important to be neglected detains the sailor. How vivid the picture becomes! He sees the numerous canals, like those of Venice, the island and

drawbridges, the ships in the streets, with lanterns on their masts, and the lighthouses on the bridges, with the reflections on the water, answered by the lamps on the houses, which the ardent lover tells Margaret remind him of the light of her dear eyes. The triangular city, with its immense dyke to warn the river Meuse to keep its distance, forming a walk called The Boompjes (meaning small trees), from the row of elms upon it, comes into his mental view. Sometimes the lovers walked here, and at others along the river Rotte, finding in the trees the glory of a scenery where hills were lacking.

Jasper's low brick house, with its high front wall, concealing the roof, is again before him, with parapets, and the doors and windows bordered by white stripes; the dwelling leaning forward as if to accommodate the beam with its cord and pulley which raised baskets and buckets. The shop was on the first floor, and the carved head of a deer jutted out from a round window above it as a sign. A row of flower-pots adorned the outer window-sills, as is now often seen in Liverpool. A spy-mirror showed the dwellers

who was at the street door, and Penn waited not long when Margaret's sharp eyes beheld the suitor at the gate. It was not needful for him to stoop and read the brass doorplate, which was polished until it shone like gold.

The quiet burghers in the street, who, unlike Chaucer's sergeant, were busier than they seemed, gazed at the fiery youth as his heart drove him rapidly along the way to his sweetheart's home; and thoughts of their young loves brought a brightness to the cheek and a thrill to the heart as they stopped to buy a nosegay for the housewife at home. The women washing walls and windows stopped long enough to see the waiting one admitted, and hear a sound that appeared to be a welcome from honest lips; and then they remarked that they had beheld that sight several times in one day; that boys would be boys and girls would be girls; that their men were foolish when they were young, and they had been a little silly themselves; but they wished the alderman's daughter would not take up with that foreigner, for they disliked the English, and expected soon to be at war with them. Still,

they did like this particular Englishman, who had been very generous to the Jasper servants, and they wished him well; but it seemed needful to add a mournful headshake and a shrug of the shoulders.

A fine wire network prevents a sight within the windows of the house of Margaret, but we must follow William's mental vision and take an inquisitive look. A table of porcelain objects, crystal and flowers and toys serves for bric-a-brac ornament. The shining furniture and clear window-panes show Dutch housekeeping, but we will go upstairs, and see the short wide beds, with their immense feather pillows, the copper candlesticks, with the little candles, and the white linen sheets. The house was cleaned twice a week, and the maid-servant, with her lilac gown, white apron and sabots, and turned-up sleeves, was ever at work.

Now wedding preparations are going on. The furniture is carried into the street for cleaning, and woe to the luckless intruder who strives to navigate between the buckets and pans, brushes and brooms that litter the doorsteps and stairs. Penn found it worse

than the English Channel, but to him it was the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, and he bore it bravely. The water ran into the gutters, and rejoiced to splash all things. Passengers were driven from the pavement by the fiery zeal of the cleaners.

And now comes the happy morning of the first of May, the wedding-day. The pale morning light is coming from the North Sea to wake Margaret. She rises to look on the varied colors of houses and ships and trees, fences and fields and gardens. The scene has been familiar from babyhood, but it is now dearer, for she is about to leave her much-loved native land. She attires herself in a gay and richly-hued dress, and selects tulips and hyacinths such as Rembrandt would delight to paint. A white lily is the choicest flower for the chosen bride. Her earrings are accompanied by that wondrous golden ornament encircling the head which one sees in Holland. This had been handed down in the family for generations, and is deemed more precious than diamonds. A headdress of lace and muslin falls like a veil over the white neck and the well-rounded shoulders.

The kisses of father, mother and bridegroom bring a rosy color to her cheeks; and the coaches start for the old church, which was once a cathedral. The bride glances at the streets which she had often seen so full of traders at night, and brightly illuminated by the interior shop lights, and at the windows above, where many faces of rosy servants and curious children gaze at the gay procession.

The old gothic Cathedral of St. Lawrence is reached, and its large square pews are filled with an expectant throng. Bride and groom, bridesmaids and groomsmen are soon before the altar. It is a goodly sight. The aged Dominie Van Dusen performs the solemn marriage ceremony. The immense organ, which had welcomed the entrance of the wedding party, now cheers their exit, and adds to Dutch airs the English national anthem. The notes echo through the large building, while the tombs of Admirals, with their Dutch and Latin inscriptions, seem to utter a gentle murmur, as forewarning that the bridegroom will yet battle against the Dutch-

land, which has been wrested from the sea by toil, and kept from invaders' hands by blood.

The crown, which was placed on the head of the bride when young girls led her to the altar, still adorns her forehead as she rides home in state. A particular door is entered by the bride and groom at the home mansion which is never to be opened again until one of them is borne out to burial. The solemn threshold is strewn with flowers and greens, and the laurel is conspicuous as a sign of triumph. The sun, which has been partially veiled by clouds during the ceremony, bursts out in full splendor as the door is entered, which seems a happy augury to all. The wind rustles among the trees, and stirs the flags displayed on the ships, as if singing a wedding hymn. The windmills add a chorus, and the benediction of peace falls on every heart.

The Dutch are large eaters; the wedding dinner would have delighted Sardanapalus. The fish of the sea, and the cattle of the plain, the fowls and the milk, the Dutch cheese, and cake and sweetmeats that disappear this day will leave a tradition in the hos-

pitable house. The unmarried persons who inadvertently place themselves between a married couple at table are, by Dutch folk-lore, to be married within a year. Some are playfully charged with making an intentional blunder. Instead of cake, the bride sends each friend two bottles of spiced and sugared wine, decorated with a profusion of ribbons. Medals with pretty devices are distributed. Only the relatives in this nation are permitted to give presents, but the glittering silverware proves that they have not forgotten the pleasant duty. As the day wears on, music and the dance awaken mirth. On the next day the bride appears with her head covered and gives all guests a glass of wine or other liquor, to show that she is mistress of her house.

But Margaret Penn must leave her home, and the carriage runs past the houses with their ancient inscriptions which had moved her childish curiosity, past the statue of Erasmus in the market-place, out into the vast green plain that surrounds the city, with its verdant villages whose church-bells are chiming national and sacred airs. A trip to


ROTTERDAM

Scheveningen to look from its dunes over the broad sea, a further journey to Antwerp, a sail to Ostend, and thence a jaunt to London, and our heroine is an Englishwoman.

But Captain Penn is tired of reminiscences, and must find a change in brushing up his seamanship. He picks up Tapp's "Seaman's Kalendar," and "The New Attracter for Navigation." He reads a vivid description of a sea fight, given for "young captaines," from the cry "a saile" and the flying of the colors until victory perches on the banners, with the drums and trumpets sounding, and the echo, "St. George for England."

Next the seaman glances into Captain John Smith's "Sea Grammar," with references to "Master Wright's Errours of Navigation"; but his eyes grow dull, and he falls asleep. What dreams are rushing through his brain, as he turns and breathes heavily in his chair. He fancies himself a vice-admiral, honored in life and death.

But another vision comes before the troubled mind. It is not of warlike honor, but it echoes the Angels' song at Bethlehem at the birth of Christ, and sings a peaceful

anthem to praise God and bless men. He beholds a fair city in the distant land of which Smith wrote, where two goodly rivers meet, where commerce rules the waves, and men pass rapidly in moving machines incomprehensible to his mind. A million people are dwelling happily in this vast city, and in its midst stands a great building, surmounted by a statue of its founder.

The candles have burned out, the fire is low, the Tower clock is striking eleven. The door opens. The dreamer starts as he hears the voice of the old family physician, Doctor Pharmax, crying, "Eh, Captain! asleep, are you? Wake up; you have new cares and duties. A bouncing young boy upstairs will soon learn to call you father. You have no time for sleep now. Of what were you dreaming?"

"Never mind, Doctor," said Penn; "I am rejoiced to hear your good news. I hope my lady is doing well."

"Yes, indeed," replies the good-natured Doctor.

"Then," says the proud father, "let us drink the young man's health."

"With all my heart," answers the physician, and the Captain cries, "Here, Cæsar, bring fresh candles, and wine and coal, and let us be joyful on this auspicious night."

A sprightly young black enters the room, and soon all is bright, as the friends wish happiness to the young feet that are to tread the rough ways of life.

"What," says the Doctor, "is to be the name of the new heir of the noble Penns?"

The Captain's reply is not long in coming. "Why," he responds, quickly, "William, of course. I bear the name of my worthy grandfather, and he shall continue it in the family. Minety, in the county of Gloucester, and Penn's Lodge, in the county of Wilts, keep up his memory. He died in 1591, and was buried before the altar in Minety Church. May such high honor be granted me when my work for my native land and the holy Church of England is done, and I go to my heavenly reward with my blessed Saviour, and my sainted ancestors."

The doctor drank to the health of young

William, and there was a little chat about old times and new, family changes and the present exciting war. The physician stoutly adhered to his King, Charles the First, while the Captain was beginning to waver, having embraced the doctrine of the Dutch proverb, "*Magt maakt regt*,"—"Might makes right." The sturdy Cromwell and his psalm-singing and praying men were constantly impressing that idea on the public mind by the powerful argument of the pike-point,—an *argumentum ad hominem* hard to resist.

But the Doctor must be moving, and calls aloud, "Pompey!" A second black boy answers the call. The Captain recalls having heard some horse-play in the kitchen before he fell asleep, and knows that the representatives of the two Roman emperors have been amusing themselves in the present, while his vision has been running into the distant future. The boys came together in a ship from the West Indies, and are fast friends, hence the lights grow dim and the fire dull, as Cæsar neglects them and exercises his African wit in teasing Pompey.

Now it is Pompey's turn to work. He

lights his torch, and leads his master in the darkness through the unlighted and muddy streets of the poor London of the seventeenth century. The mud-bespattered and tired Doctor walks into his office, crowded with pills and potions, writes an entry of the birth, hoping that no more children will need his aid in entering this rough world that night, and goes to bed for a dreamless sleep.

As Captain Penn passes to his chamber, he stops and listens at his wife's door. He hears her humming gently a song of Dirk Coornhert, private secretary of the States of Holland, which he had taught her in courting days:

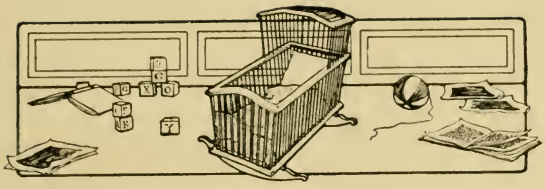
"Maiden, sweet maiden, when thou art near,
Though the stars on the face of the sky appear,
'Tis as light around as the day can be;
But maiden, sweet maiden, when thou'rt away,
Though the sun be emitting his loveliest ray,
All is darkness, and gloom, and night to me.
Then of what avail the sun or the shade,
Since my day and night by thee are made?"

And so we leave the happy father, the trusting mother and the unconscious child with a benediction of peace. Let them rest now, for God wisely conceals from young

and old the troubles of coming years, as the Saviour declared that the passing day had cares enough, without adding those of to-morrow.

NOTE.—It is an interesting fact, perhaps not generally known, that Anne Jasper, sister of Margaret Jasper, the mother of William Penn, married Wm. Crispin, whom Penn appointed Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, but who died in the West Indies on his way hither. His son afterward filled the same post.—See *History of the Hart Family*, by Gen. W. H. H. Davis; *Capt. Wm. Crispin and the Crispin Family*, by Rev. Wm. Frost Crispin.

ALLHALLOWS CHURCH, BARKING



Soul Life.

"The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Condemned to starve at an unreal feast,
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force:
A stream, diverted from its parent source:
A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea:
A moment, parted from eternity:
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come:
An exile, anxious for his native home."

—Hannah More.

Allhallows Church, Barking, stands at the end of Tower Street, in old London. It lost its dial and porch in the great fire of A.D. 1666, but one of the finest Flemish brasses in England is still on its antique floor, elaborately engraved and enamelled, to the memory of Andrew Evyngar and his wife (about 1535), and another to William Thynne, to whom we owe the first edition of Chaucer's Works, in 1532. Other brasses and old tombs cover the floor and walls. Here the poetic Earl of Surrey was hurriedly buried, after his execution; as was also

Bishop Fisher, the friend of More. Archbishop Laud was ignominiously interred in the churchyard, but afterwards removed to honorable sepulture in St. John's College, Oxford.

It is the 23d day of October, A.D. 1644. A stately group is advancing along the stone floor of the aisle. They are Captain Penn and his pious wife, and the sponsors, being two military friends and a titled lady, who are to act as godfathers and godmother. Thus did religious parents give back to God in Holy Baptism the child which He had given them but nine days before. As the aged clergyman signed the youthful forehead of the unconscious babe with the sign of the cross, prayed that he might ever be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant," and hoped that he was raising another bulwark to support the magnificent Church of England, did his voice tremble a little as a presentiment arose in his mind that the prop might prove a weak one?

We may suppose that in after days the mind of William Penn at times reverted to his spiritual birthday, and the solemn scene

INTERIOR OF ALLHALLOWS CHURCH

in that ancient sanctuary of God. Who shall say that the mighty work for good he accomplished may not be dated from that day? Spiritual forces, like natural ones, are quiet, but mighty, and "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Electricity is coming to dominate the physical world, but its forces were hidden until late years brought them into play as man found and utilized God's power.

Next we find the promising heir of a large estate at a school founded by Bishop Harsnet, at Chigwell, anciently Cinguella, supposed to mean The King's Well, near his father's residence in Essex. Here the thoughtful boy wanders among the wheat fields of a fertile section, or looks at an old royal mansion in the forest, or passes along the long street to worship in the ancient church. He admires the cattle and at times visits the seashore, and watches the hard work of the oystermen. He glances across the wide expanse of water which is washing the distant American coast, not knowing what a riddle for him lies beyond his feeble gaze.

Sea and shore teach the boy of twelve religious lessons, and in all natural objects he loves to see the hand of his Heavenly Father. Benevolence already indicates the mind of the child. Does a poor beggar, or a wandering minstrel approach the school? No sneer or jibe is on his lips, but his abundant pocket-money melts away before the piteous tale. The Holy Spirit has touched his young heart, and he feels that a knowledge of Greek and Latin does not constitute the full education of a Christian lad. The vices of heathen emperors, the questionable tales of mythology, and the bloody accounts of heathen battles, are not as improving as a quiet hour with God in the evening twilight, and a self-examination ending in a bold resolution that to-morrow shall be a step heavenward longer than to-day.

The Vice-Admiral goes to his Irish estates near Cork, which Cromwell had given him; and a tutor takes the place of a schoolmaster. Now comes the crisis that all must meet in life. Thomas Loe, the English Quaker, visits Ireland. The boy's father invites him to his house. The young boy sees

a black servant weeping at the earnest words of the minister, and tears are running down the cheeks of the soldierly father. The strange scene was never forgotten.

Christ Church College, Oxford, is the next scene of study. The many temptations of a university town are to be met, and overcome by the grace of God, by one only a little more than fifteen years old. Athletics and good society brighten the life of the student. Robert Sunderland, the future illustrious Earl of Sunderland, and the venerable John Locke, were among his companions. Oxford was debating over the religious views of the scholarly Vice-Chancellor, the famous Dr. John Owen, who had entered Queen's College at twelve, and had risen to this high position. Being a Puritan, he had been ejected after the Restoration, but his influence survived his departure. Thomas Loe had belonged to the University, but had joined the Society of Friends, and was holding meetings which Penn and his friends attended. The young men neglected the college services; some irregularities occurred, and they were expelled.

The earthly paradise of Oxford must be left. The Cathedral, the church towers and pealing bells, the sounding organs, the walls that have echoed to the words of the Gospel for centuries, the memory of thousands of white-robed Bishops and clergy who have gone out to bless the world,—all these must be things of the past. The little Cherwell River, the velvet grass, the Bodleian Library and Christ Church meadow are abandoned. Thomas Warton, a Poet-Laureate, described old Oxenford, "majestic Oxford," thus:

"Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrined."

This glory was not appreciated by one who believed himself to be contending for a principle.

The family now felt disgraced. The father was highly displeased at his son's conduct. The son abhorred fashionable life, and associated with religious persons. The Admiral felt that William's prospects in life might be destroyed. He strove to persuade, he argued and chastised, without effect; and then turned the son out of his house.

Then there was relenting. The amiable

wife interceded, and may have naturally pleaded that she herself was educated in the Reformed Church of Holland, but had conformed to the Church of England on her marriage; and that the young man had received the blood of his warlike father and grandfather, and could not be coerced. There is a compromise. The wise Admiral thinks that William must go to France, where change of scene and gaiety will make a new man of him. He travels with people of rank to Paris, and is kept pure in a gay metropolis.

Saumur, on the bank of the Loire, lies on a steep hill, with an ancient castle above it, which now serves as a town hall. Penn was passionately fond of the study of theology, the queen of the sciences, as treating of God, the source of all science; and to Saumur he went, where the great Divinity professor of the theological school was Moses Amyrault, a French Calvinist. He it was who obtained the revocation of the order that Protestants must address the King on their knees. Richelieu and Mazarin were friendly to him.

As the students walked over the beautiful

bridge that spans the Loire, or climbed the neighboring hill, his mind was full of the deep thoughts of Calvin and St. Augustine which his preceptor had given him. Like the angels of Milton, he

> "Sat on a hill retired,
> In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
> Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The Admiral must needs take his fleet to fight the Dutch, and the young man leaves his loved books to care for the family in his father's absence. He studies law at Lincoln's Inn. He writes to his dear father that he prays that God may shield him amidst the perils of battle. He visits Charles the Second with dispatches, and the manly and ruddy youth has high prospects of advancement. But the father has been deceived in the thought that the world is the master, and he sends his son to Ireland that the Lord-Lieutenant, the graceful and lively Duke of Ormond, and his court, may enliven him.

He assists in putting down a mutiny in a garrison, and thinks of taking the command

AN EARLY QUAKER MEETING

BY HEEMSKERCK, A CONTEMPORARY DUTCH ARTIST. AN UNSYMPATHETIC TREATMENT, APPROACHING CARICATURE

of a fort. But the Admiral holds him back from motives of discretion. The armor which is seen on the portrait of the young William Penn is laid aside, and the ceremonies of the court are abandoned.

The Admiral next employs his son in the care of his Irish estates in the county of Cork, which includes Shannigarry Castle. The business is well done, but William enters a shop in Cork kept by a female member of the Society of Friends, whom he knew in boyhood; and recalling Loe's visit to his father, declares that he would travel a hundred miles to hear this powerful preacher speak again. The response is that Loe is even now in Cork, and is to hold a meeting the following day.

Penn hears him tell of the faith which overcomes the world, and the faith which is overcome by the world. Old impressions of divine things are revived. Again his heart thrills with the thoughts of eternity that came to him in the London plague, when death stared him in the face and whispered in his ear. Thomas Loe has won him to the new

faith, and Penn pays the penalty by being arrested at a Friends' meeting.

The son continues in his faith, and will not give a bond, but is soon released, although his opinions cause another breach with his father, and he is again expelled from home. Yet the dear mother clings to her child, and prevails on the Admiral to use his influence to have William released whenever his religion causes his imprisonment. The former young man of fashion now assumes the plain dress of Friends, which was simply the apparel of those of that day who did not enter the fashionable world.

William Penn becomes the friend of George Fox, is guided and inspired by him, and afterward propagates Fox's opinions through the medium of his own voluminous writings on religious subjects. Having experienced the troubles of a sojourn in the Tower, he does much to obtain the release of those who are thus vainly punished to force their unwilling minds. How often such experiences arise in his mind may be conceived by those who have, though innocent, been immured within gloomy walls. He has sat

where murderers and thieves have consorted, and reflected, "Here am I, a loyal English subject, the son of an officer, held in vile durance, as a malefactor, because I hold opinions not allowed by the State. A day will dawn when minds shall not be thus oppressed. May God give me strength to hasten it!"

Admiral Penn closes a life of hard toil for his native land with kindly words for his son, and commits him to the care of his friend and sovereign, Charles the Second, and the Duke of York, who was to become James the Second.

Wealth is now in the hands of the youthful Friend, but Newgate again opens its gloomy doors to him by religious persecution. Rogues and felons here abound, as we are told by Thomas Ellwood, who has himself been imprisoned here. In the night, hammocks three stories high receive the poor sleepers, and the upper ones must first climb to their hanging beds. Under the lowest hammocks are beds on the floor, where the weak and the sick lie. The breath and steam from all these bodies is almost unbearably

offensive. Health and mind suffer, and one prisoner dies from the cruel treatment. Farces of trials accompany these unjust imprisonments. Let us be thankful that a brighter day has enlightened men to see that minds are free.

Mars and Mercury, Fashion and Persecution, have striven to control the mind of Penn, and now Love will try its hand. Venus rose from the sea with her smiles, and angry waves are subdued by gentle oil.

Sir William Springett, a Parliamentary soldier, was killed in the days of Charles the First, in the wars between the King and the Parliament. The widow married Isaac Penington. A daughter, Gulielma Maria Springett, is a beautiful young lady, with many accomplishments, whose sweet disposition attracts all, while her dignity, piety and beneficence make her a meet companion for so worthy a husband. What London and Parisian ladies might not accomplish is easily performed by this country gentlewoman; and a willing captive sits at her feet. God's good Providence is seen by Penn as guiding his steps, for many suitors had sought the hand

GULIELMA MARIA SPRINGETT

and heart now reserved for him. The lover himself tells us, " She loved him with a deep and upright love."

The " honeymoon," as Addison called it, is passed in the new home at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire. Edward the Elder, in the tenth century, rebuilt Hertford town and castle, and sometimes royalty honored the place by residing in it. Here, at times, the newly-wedded lovers are seen looking at the antiquities of early days, or wandering on the banks of the Colne or the Lea, where bright green meadows recall the imperial Roman days, when the camps of that warlike race ruled English soil. The Abbey of St. Albans, the church and cave of Roystone, the ruins of the castle of Berkhamstead, and the high chalk hills of the county, tempt them to many a wedding trip, where each enjoys the view with redoubled pleasure because of the company of the other. Often are the horses stopped during the pleasant horseback rides, that the devout riders may worship the God of Nature in the scenes of beauty which surround them; while a thought of the blessed Saviour, without whom nothing was made, as

St. John tells us, gives a new life to the rose and the lily that bloom along their pathway.

They had found the "River of Juvenescence," of which Prester John wrote to Manuel Comnenus, the Emperor of Constantinople, saying that there was a spring at the foot of Mount Olympus which hourly changed its flavor, day and night; and that any one who tasted its delightful water could never know infirmity or fatigue.

Penn is in his twenty-eighth year at the time of his first marriage, which occurred in A.D. 1672.

Worminghurst House, in Sussex, a few miles from the sea, is a new home of the Penns. The eminence on which the house stands commands a view of the South Downs. The building has since Penn's time been destroyed, and the Duke of Norfolk now owns the estate. But to Penn in his youth the English Channel sings a daily and nightly song of distant America, washed by the parent waters of the ocean; and Beachy Head stretches its longing gaze across the wide abyss.

The wheat and hop fields, and the famous

cattle on the hills, please the agricultural Penn, and here he might well pass a pleasant life as a country gentleman, and perhaps grace the halls of Parliament. But God has another and a greater work in store for him. The prospective founder of a new empire is not to rust in comparative obscurity. The family motto of the Penn arms is "*Dum clavum teneam*,"—"While I can hold the helm,"—and the present representative of the family is to hold the helm of state, and add dignity to the family history. Meantime journeys in England, and on the Continent, for religious teaching, employ the mind and heart of the good man.

Sorrow and Joy.

"Sorrow and Love go side by side;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands."

—Madame Guyon, *translated by* Cowper.

Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, near Gerrard's Cross, was the residence of Guliel-ma Maria Springett when Penn first met her. "Guli," as she was called, was fond of Mil-ton, who lived here, and on one occasion, when she was visiting in the cottage which the poet had rented near Penington Grange, Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, being present, the announcement was made by Milton that "Paradise Lost" was written. Ellwood sug-gested "Paradise Regained" to finish the grand idea. The addition was accepted; and so the second great poem flowed from the active brain of the philosophic poet.

Then said Guli, "We will not, like Plato, banish music from our republic, lest, like Midas, we have asses' ears fastened to us for preferring Pan to Apollo; but as music was played while the walls of Thebes rose, let us join in a song." She took up her lute and sang with Milton, who dearly loved music, from "Il Penseroso":

> "There let the pealing organ blow,
> To the full-voiced choir below,
> In service high and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear.
> Dissolve me into ectasies,
> And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."

Penn, as a friend of Isaac Penington, the stepfather of Guli, is admitted into this choice coterie. Sir William Springett's marriage to the mother of Guli was a love-match, encouraged by the mother of the baronet, who did not wish her son to marry for the sake of interest. Into this charmed circle Penn and his wife are ever welcome, and many happy days are thus spent.

Neither friends nor foes can draw Penn from the society of his beloved bride, and there is a long honeymoon. Then Guli ac-

companies her devoted husband on religious tours of mission work.

One of the notable deeds of the Admiral's career has been the conquest of Jamaica, and many an evening do the married lovers sit until the late hours listening to his weird tales of the strange natives, the wild animals and the tropical fruits of that ocean paradise. In the son's mind there springs up a restless desire to see the western world with its wonders.

While the Irish lands had been given to the Admiral and his wife by Cromwell, on account of their losses in the Irish rebellion, the sea-commander was also honored as the head of the expedition to the West Indies against the Spanish rule. The Admiral was then conniving with Charles the Second, who had not yet gained the throne, but secretly sanctioned Penn's action. The attack of the Admiral on Hispaniola failed. But he was successful at Jamaica, which Oldmixon called "the most flourishing colony in the new world."

The great Admiral afterward tasted the uncertainty of power, and, like his son at a


GODSAVE THE KING
CHARLES ye 2d BY THE GRACE OF
GOD KING OF ENGLAND SCOTLAND
FRANCE & IRELAND Defender of ye faith

later period, endured imprisonment. Cromwell committed him to the Tower for leaving his command without license, thus hazarding the army. The shrewd Cromwell had probably received information of Penn's devotion to the cause of the King through spies. The Admiral acknowledged his fault, and was released, but lost his commission. When the Lord of Cork asked him to surrender his lands, he said he could not "be hectored out of anything," but was ready to be commanded "anything in reason."

But following this time of depression comes the intense joy of the crowds at the Restoration of Charles the Second. Let us gaze at the long procession of over twenty thousand horse and foot, shouting, while the ways are strewn with flowers, the bells are rung, and the streets adorned with tapestry. The fountains are running with wine, companies in livery are passing, and the nobles are clad in cloth of silver and gold and velvet. There are ladies in the balconies, trumpets are sounding, and music echoes in the resounding air. Myriads of people have come to join in the festivities, some from as far

away as Rochester. The procession seems endless, and Evelyn relates in his diary that it was seven hours in passing,—from two o'clock in the afternoon to nine at night.

The King goes to Whitehall. The inns are filled with a noisy crowd through the whole night, and the Protector's memory is roundly cursed by a populace anxious to enjoy life under the new monarch. Little do they expect the voluptuous and disgusting reign which has left a foul blot on the history of England, and is mainly recalled in this new land by the name of a spaniel breed which was a favorite one in the palace of the wicked and dissolute monarch. Even on his deathbed Charles was a scoffer, and he could with difficulty be constrained to think of God and eternity and the sufferings of Christ, by the devout prayers and earnest exhortations of Bishop Ken, whose saintly life offered such a contrast to that of the royal sinner.

Let us hope that Ken's work was not in vain in the Lord, and that the dying sovereign, like the man thrown from his horse, could say:

> "Between the stirrup and ground
> I mercy sought, and mercy found."

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PENN

After the Restoration, Charles the Second summoned the Admiral to Whitehall, and thus addressed him: "My worthy friend, whose heart was ready to aid me in trouble, I rejoice to share with you my joy. Knighthood shall be yours, and I appoint you a Commissioner of the Navy, and Governor of the Fort of Kinsale in Ireland."

When the seaman, at a later time, rose from the accolade, or stroke of the sword that consummated his nobility, he was happy not alone for himself, but for the honor of the family. He had been in the throng when the King went from the Tower to the palace of Whitehall, when little gossipy Pepys accompanied him in his fine velvet coat, which might have given him more pleasure had he known that his description of himself would endure for generations. The son William was with the Admiral at this great show.

Sir William Penn becomes a member of Parliament from Weymouth, and the indefatigable Pepys is glad to note as important the fact that he was at church with the Admiral and his friend Sir William Batten, thus shining with reflected glory. Still the diarist

becomes jealous of the Admiral because he interfered with his fees of office, and is ready to give him and his wife a sly hit on paper when he could do so, as he used to think with his faithful pen on the secretive diary, having the itch for writing mentioned by the Latin poet Horace. He styles the Admiral's carriage plain, but pretty.

In Charles the Second's day the Thames was a far more important highway for travel and commerce than it is now. The water-poet, John Taylor, bewails the coming of carriages in opposition to the barges. He was styled "The Swan of the Thames." Pope wrote of him, in the Dunciad,

> "Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
> Once Swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more."

King Charles went in his barge to the Parliament-House. There were but two seamen in the Parliament, Sir William Penn and Sir William Batten.

The Dutch used to say that old Penn would war against them, and this prediction is now to be justified. The Admiral hoists his flag on the Royal James, and afterward takes command of the Royal Charles. But

while the Dutch war and matters of state occupied the mind of the father, the son began to be deeply interested in a more distant region. His father and mother die, and leave him all their property. He writes to the Countess of Falkenstein that they loved him dearly and could not do enough for him. He adds: "Oh, how good is the Lord! yea, the ways of His mercy are past finding out."

The "ravishing glory" of the presence of God at the death of Thomas Loe, and the dying man's injunction to him to bear the cross to win the heavenly crown, make a lasting impression on the youthful Penn. The immortal life is brought near by the "Glory to the name of God!" which falls from dying lips; and the mantle of the man of God drops upon his pupil. He writes to Isaac Penington, "My soul loved him while living, and now bemoans his loss when dead."

Another death is to affect Penn's future life. Persecution and imprisonment in innocency can be endured; but now his dear wife, the joy of life, is to be removed. The blessed end is thus described by the husband: "She quietly expired in my arms, her head

upon my bosom, with a sensible and devout resignation of her soul to Almighty God. I hope I may say she was a public as well as a private loss; for she was not only an excellent wife and mother, but an entire and constant friend; of a more than common capacity, and great modesty and humility, yet most equal and undaunted in danger; religious, as well as ingenuous, without affectation; an easy mistress and a good neighbor, especially to the poor; neither lavish nor penurious, but an example of industry as well as of other virtues; therefore our great loss, though her own eternal gain."

This lovely woman, whom her husband calls "one of ten thousand," left two sons and a daughter. These were Springett, Lætitia and William the younger. Mary and Hannah, the other children, had died in infancy.

Gulielma's health was broken by troubles, and the strain of the absence of her loved husband in the strange and distant land. She died at Hoddesden, away from her loved home. Her body was carried thence to the sweet and quiet graveyard at rustic Jor-

JORDANS—THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM AND GULIELMA PENN

dans, where her husband in after days was buried at her side, and the picture has often met the eyes of Americans. The green graves are not far from Chalfont, where began the young dreams of a pure love which are now renewed in Paradise.

With God there are no trifles, but what looked to man to be a slight occurrence affected forever the destinies of Pennsylvania by turning the mind of its illustrious founder westward, whither Bishop Berkeley, in his day, saw " the star of empire " gliding.

In A.D. 1664, Charles the Second claimed New England and the country southward; and, with the old English propensity for colonization, looked enviously on the Dutch community at New Netherlands. Charles gave a patent to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany, to American lands, including the New Netherlands. The "High Mightinesses" of New Amsterdam resisted the aggression; the old story of force followed, and the weaker party, as usual, went to the wall. New Amsterdam was called New York, after the Duke of York, who, after the death of Charles, reigned as

James the Second. The Jerseys and the western shores of the Delaware also came under the rule of the British. Oldmixon gives the number of Swedes and Dutch on the river as three thousand.

The Duke of York granted the Jerseys to Sir George Carteret, intending the tract to be called Nova Cæsaria, to honor the family of Sir George, which came from the island of Jersey; but the people took the plainer name of the Jerseys. The Indian name was Scheyichbi. In 1675, West Jersey was sold to a Friend, Edward Byllinge, for whom Penn became a trustee. Penn, in this work, became familiar with Pennsylvania, and bought the province, paying for it by the surrender of a claim which his father had against the King. There had been a dispute between Byllinge and John Fenwick about the Jersey property. Penn became arbitrator, and Fenwick sailed hitherward, and settled at Salem. Byllinge's-port, on the Delaware River, keeps in memory these transactions.

When Carteret died Penn was one of the purchasers of East Jersey lands. In his stu-

dent days at Oxford the new Western World was in his thought, and now interest and inclination seemed to lead him thither. He asked Charles the Second to grant him Pennsylvania in lieu of eighteen thousand pounds due his father for services to the British Government and for money advanced. Lord Baltimore had already received from Charles the First a grant for neighboring land, and a contest in boundaries followed which lasted for many a long year. In A.D. 1681, Penn received his charter, and was made Proprietary and governor of the province of Pennsylvania.

Now began a life of toil and care, trouble and disappointment, which might have made him wish that he had never heard the name of the new province. He would probably have been happier in his Irish estates with a title like that of his father, but the good Lord had other work for him to do. He wrote to Robert Turner that he would have called the land New Wales, but as the hilly country would answer to the Welsh "head," (Pen), he transferred his choice to that word when the Welsh secretary refused New

Wales. He had first proposed Sylvania, but the King insisted on having "Penn" added to honor the Admiral, the father of William. The son feared it might be thought a mark of his own vanity, and time has proved that he is the one now held in honor.

It is remarkable that most of the places in Pennsylvania that bear the family name are small, but the vast State, which is indeed a mighty empire, full of varied and abundant resources, holds aloft its distinguished Founder, as the city of Philadelphia has placed his statue at the summit of its elevated City Hall.

Penn declared that he believed this grand possession, procured "through many difficulties," would be blessed by God and made "the seed of a nation." He thought that there was room in a new country for his "Holy Experiment" of a higher form of national life, which he could not have in England. He was a friend and admirer of the great Algernon Sidney, who planned an English republic, but was tried on another charge by the infamous Judge Jeffreys; and on in-

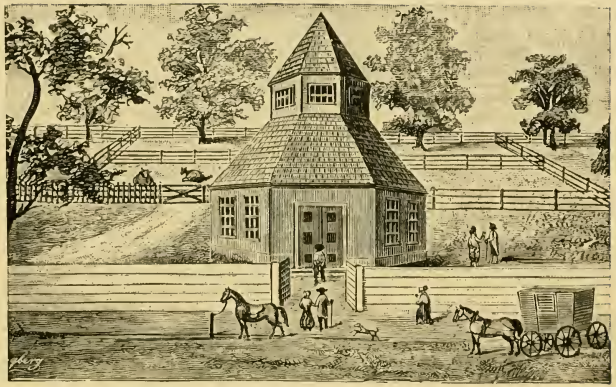
sufficient evidence was executed, dying bravely on Tower Hill, in 1683.

Penn longed for a land where infamous judges would be unknown, and executions of the innocent would be impossible. King Charles apparently favored his design, expressed in the charter, to enlarge his empire, to promote trade, and to civilize and Christianize the Indians; and further had regard to the worthy memory of his friend, the deceased Admiral.

Active preparations for the settlement were now begun. He printed the charter, with an account of the country, and gave terms of sale of the land, which read very queerly at this day, when the price of a lot in Chestnut Street, after the passage of two successful centuries, more than equals the amount paid for the whole province. One hundred acres could then be bought for forty shillings sterling, cash, and "one shilling per annum forever," according to the English custom of the day of holding one's hand over what he had sold, and claiming a small ground rent, even if it were only a few barleycorns or bushels of wheat, or a red rose.

The troublesome quit-rent was a part of the first purchase, and could not be completely extinguished in the new transfer. Penn is said to have held his title from the King by a small yearly rent, and so a like rent from the purchasers to him was needful to make the titles valid. Penn's obligation to the King seems to have been nominal, unless mines of silver or gold were discovered, when one-fifth must be reserved. Blackstone defines a quit-rent as a payment by which the tenant is quieted, or quit, from other service. In the Latin it is *quietus reditus*. Penn himself held by feudal tenure, which implies a duty or service in return. Allodial tenure is free-hold, free of rent or service to any paramount lord. Such are the good tenures of the latter times in Pennsylvania. There was an ancient idea that all land was vested in the sovereign, and the term "the King's highway" is a remnant of the thought.

Penn kindly warned his countrymen not to move rashly, and did not as a speculator simply strive to fill his own pocket at the pain and loss of others. He wished the intending emigrants to consult the Providence of God



OLD MEETING-HOUSE IN BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

and the wishes of their relatives, to keep up natural affection, and to seek the glory of God.

The newly-made Proprietary gave up the oversight of West Jersey, where he had sent about fourteen hundred persons. Burlington had arisen, farms and roads had taken the place of forests, and religious meeting-houses now stood where sail-cloth tents had sheltered the first worshipers. He might well rejoice that his fostering care had accomplished such great results.

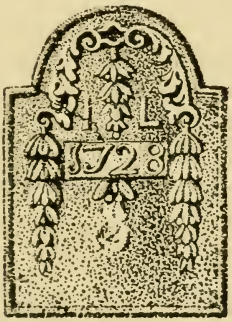
Penn wished no person having ten thousand, or more, acres to have over a thousand acres in one place, unless within the space of three years he would place a family on every thousand acres. He ordered that in clearing ground one acre of trees should be left for every five acres cleared, and mulberry and oak trees were to be preserved for the silk industry and for shipping.

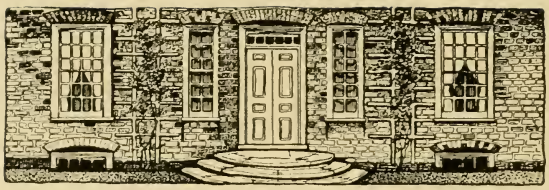
The Indians were to have good and honest wares in return for their furs, and were not to be abused. Any wrongdoing to them was to be punished with the same penalty as if a white planter had been injured. If an

Indian did an injury, the person injured might not take the law into his own hands, but must refer the matter to the Governor, or his deputy, or to a magistrate, who should treat with the Indian king for a satisfaction for the complainant. Differences between planters and Indians were to be settled by twelve men, six being Indians and six whites. In this respect he acted as the Swedes had done in their kind treatment of the savages.

Purchasers soon appeared. London and Liverpool, and especially Bristol, which then stood next to London in commercial importance, furnished buyers. Among the Bristolians were J. Claypoole, Nicholas Moore and P. Forde, who, with others, composed a company named "The Free Society of Traders in Pennsylvania." They purchased twenty thousand acres of land in trust, and prepared to undertake many kinds of trade. Welsh Friends were also purchasers of land. Their descendants to-day are among the most important and prosperous inhabitants of Pennsylvania, and the names of their fatherland are dotted over the region where the emigrants first settled.

The early comers, with homesick hearts, thus recalled dear mother abodes; and their descendants now strive to keep up the connection of the old world and the new by adding to the stock kindred appellations.





Progress.

"There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to gleam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing into gray,
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!"

—Charles Mackay.

For his new settlement Penn prepared laws giving to all of its inhabitants that liberty of conscience for which he had suffered so much. He, however, did not allow a licentious abuse of this liberty in a profane speaking of God, Christ, the Holy Scriptures, or religion; or in the commission of evil. He had lost large sums of money and great opportunities of preferment in giving his testimony to what he deemed to be right, but he did not murmur. He would not sell the monopoly of the Indian trade to a company for a large sum of money, and a portion of the profits, as he did not think such action right. James Claypole wrote that the Pro-

prietary would not discriminate in favor of special persons in sales of land, even where he would get a larger price by so doing; and he added, "But he, I believe, truly does aim more at justice and righteousness and the spreading of Truth than at his own particular gain."

Penn instructed his three commissioners to be "just and courteous to all," and not to offend the Indians, but to let the red men "know that you are come to sit down lovingly among them."

It is marvelous that so many ships, with enthusiastic emigrants, sailed from England to America in Penn's day, there being fifty which reached here the year after the coming of the *Welcome*. This is especially noticeable when we consider that a large part of the emigrants belonged to the quiet and sedate Friends. The first emigrant ship, the *John and Sarah*, left London, and by the usual long voyage reached America before another London ship, the *Amity*, which did not come to the province until the next spring.

The *Bristol Factor*, from Bristol, arrived at what the Swedes called Oopland, or Up-

land (now Chester), and there the vessel was frozen up in the Delaware. The passengers were forced to spend the winter there. "What shall we do?" said the tired voyagers, after weeks of weary sailing. "Come into our houses," virtually replied the hospitable Swedes, "and where our quarters fail, build huts for yourselves, and you will find us good neighbors"; and so they did.

The fine stretch of hills, now crowned with their modern residences, which reach from Chester to Wilmington, well justified the old name Upland, but new comers desire new names, and Sweden must yield to England even in this matter.

William Markham, a relative of Penn, came over in one of the ships, to be Penn's secretary, when he should arrive. The commissioners went with him, and Penn sent a friendly and religious letter to the Indians by them.

Penn, as a Fellow of the Royal Society, hoped to send it scientific information from Pennsylvania.

The death of Penn's affectionate and beloved mother, only a few weeks before he

sailed for Pennsylvania, made him ill from grief for several days.

In the governmental arrangements of the founder of Pennsylvania, it was wisely and devoutly advised that the Lord's Day should be duly observed, "according to the good example of the primitive Christians and the ease of creation."

William Penn procured from the Duke of York, who was afterward the King known as James the Second, a release from all claims he might have on Pennsylvania, and a grant of the "three lower counties," as they were called, on the Delaware River, which now constitute the State of Delaware. This made the free use of the river sure, and prevented the trouble which might arise if the water entrance to the province should fall into other hands. The northern boundary of Delaware was a circular line, twelve miles distant from New Castle.

Thomas Holme, the Surveyor-General, who preceded Penn by a few months, lies interred, among his kinsfolk, in the Crispin graveyard, near a grove of trees, on a little hill hard by Ashton station, on the Bustle-

ton branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and a monument honors his memory. The line of Susquehanna Street, which was intended to run from the Delaware River to the Susquehanna River, passes near his tomb, but the design of a great highway, like the four Roman roads of England, was never fully carried out.

Penn himself now prepared to sail. He wished that his wife and three children might accompany him, but the new land was not yet fit to entertain them; and therefore he went alone, hoping to prepare an abode for them. He was a beautiful letter-writer, and on this occasion poured out his heart and soul in full measure. It is well that we have such a photograph of his real inner life. He touchingly charges his wife to be generous to the poor, whether they are Friends or not.

Penn sailed from Deal, on the North Sea. His wife and children accompanied him to the ship, and many other friends mingled their tears with those of the family, as it was remembered that months must elapse before a word could come announcing the arrival of the voyagers at their destination. There

were about a hundred passengers, mainly Sussex Friends, as Penn's residence at Worminghurst was in that county. There was much weeping as the vessel left the shore, and strong men bowed themselves as they looked for the last time on the receding native land which held their ancestral graves, and many of the living still dear to them.

As Penn gazed on the fortress of Henry the Eighth and Sandown Castle, fading from view, he thought of his warlike father and grandfather, and of his early desires for military glory; but was thankful that he was now going forth on a ministry of the Prince of Peace, not to destroy the lives of his fellow-creatures, but to preserve them. In the roadstead styled the Downs, between the shore and the Goodwin Sands, the vessels lay and awaited favorable winds.

About two months brought the Proprietary and his companions within the Capes of the Delaware. Penn exerted a good influence in a religious way on the ship, and he would have been most happy could he have seen the glorious results that were to follow this remarkable voyage.

When the ship had sailed fourteen days, one of the passengers complained of a fever. At first he was supposed to be affected with the measles or scarlet fever, but the chills and pain in the back, nausea and vomiting soon showed that the fearful smallpox was on this crowded vessel. The fever increased, and delirium followed, as the poor man raved about the green shores of old England, and the family he had left there. Eruptions multiplied for five days, and the offensive odor made the cabin almost uninhabitable. Penn and others strove to minister to the bodily and spiritual wants of the poor sufferer, but he was to take a longer voyage than he had expected. He was going " to see the King in His beauty " in " the land which is very far off," and yet so near to all men. With words of hope and Christian prayer the patient closed his eyes in death.

It was a beautiful day when the sad funeral of this victim of disease occurred. The sun shone brightly on the smiling waves, and the good vessel glided on under a smart breeze, unconscious of the mournful burden she bore. The body, wrapped in sailcloth,

with a weight attached to it, was carried on deck by two hardy seamen, and passengers and crew stood in awe-struck attention as Penn spoke a few words of heavenly hope and of Christian sympathy with the family of the dead man. Then the faithful shipmaster, Robert Greenway, read the solemn service of the English Church for the Burial of the Dead, changing the form of committal to the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ." There was not a dry eye on the deck as these words were uttered. Then the body was lowered into its watery grave, and Penn reflected upon the words which he had heard at the burial of his father and mother, and of many a friend. His heart was full of heavenly aspirations.

It is too sad to picture, even in the imagination, the death of about thirty of the emigrants of this dreaded disease, and to think in what condition the ship must have been when sanitary science was so little known.

Penn reached New Castle on the 24th of October, then considered the Eighth month. Thence he went to Chester. A barge conveyed him from that place to Philadelphia. He was accustomed to such a conveyance on the Thames. As he glided along the wooded banks of the beautiful Delaware, saw the Indian cabins, the occasional small dwelling of the settler, and the site of the old Swedish capital at Tinicum, and then ran through the Horse Shoe Bend, and beheld the former seat of Dutch rule at Fort Nassau, at the site of the present Gloucester, how many plans of future tasks rushed through his active mind, and how blithely the songs of the birds cheered his heart for work.

At Coaquannock, the bold shore with high pines, was the point established for the infant settlement of Philadelphia, now grown to be a mighty giant, known to the end of the civilized world. Compare the World's Exposition held there in late years with this little boat, landing on Dock Creek, at "Guest's New House," afterwards called the "Blue Anchor Tavern"!

Friends, who were already here, and

Swedes, and Dutch, and Indians, joyfully received the new ruler. He ate the roasted acorns and hominy of the Indians, and in a jumping match with them showed his useful athletic training at Oxford by beating them, much to their delight. Such physical prowess doubtless gave him much influence with his red friends. Mrs. Amos Preston, who died A.D. 1774, at the age of one hundred years, saw and remembered this strange interview with the Indians, according to the account in "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia."

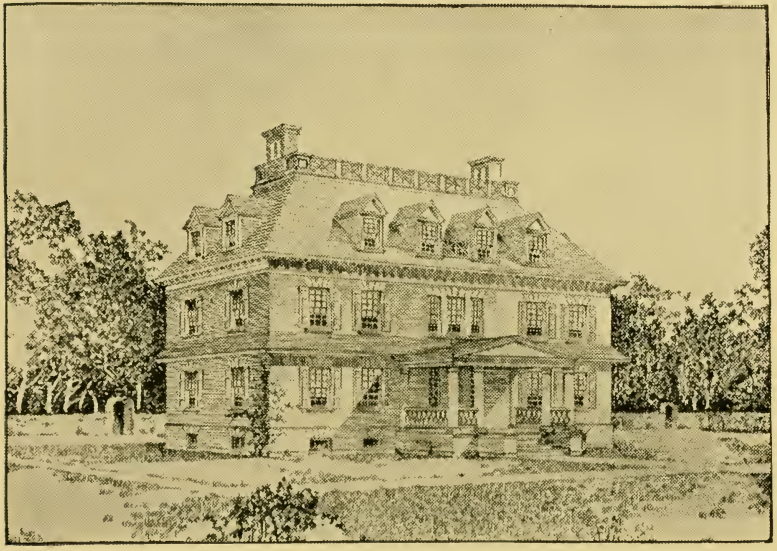
Mrs. Preston described Penn as rather short in stature, "but the handsomest, best-looking, liveliest gentleman she had ever seen." There was nothing like pride about him, but he was affable and friendly with the humblest in life.

Philadelphia streets had been named after colonists. Walnut Street was called Pool Street, and Arch was Holme's Street, and afterward Mulberry, while Chestnut was Union. Penn called Market, High Street, and named other streets after forest trees which were found there. Ten acres of ground was reserved for a public square at

Broad and Market Streets, where modern folly has blocked two fine streets by a mass of masonry invented apparently for the purpose of spending the money of the city. He wished to keep the bank of the Delaware free as a promenade, but health and beauty have given way to trade, and his wise foresight has been made of no avail. The town as he wished it would have contained ten thousand acres; but as the colonists thought this too large, he allowed it to be curtailed to about a mile along the Delaware, and reaching back to the Schuylkill, containing about twelve hundred acres. Later exigencies have extended the amount to over a hundred square miles.

Penn loved the water. His barge had a sail, a boatswain and a coxswain, and six oarsmen manned it. What was called "Penn's Palace" was rising at Pennsbury, near Tullytown, and near the Falls settlement of Friends, opposite Bordentown.

The Proprietary apparently dwelt in Chester for a time, and an old house on Penn Street, near the river, is said to have been his abode. At times he visited Caleb Pusey,



By courtesy of "The Doylestown Intelligencer."

MODERN RESTORATION OF PENNSBURY

PROPOSED BUILDING OF THE BUCKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Designed by Addison Hutton from information furnished by Gen. W. H. H. Davis, President Bucks County Historical Society

whose little old stone house still stands on Chester Creek, in Crozerville, the ancient Upland. Its small room on the first floor, with its antique fireplace, doubtless heard the worthies discussing the plans for the new world, and recalling incidents of their life in the old world, until the fading fire and the stroke of midnight warned them to retire to their humble beds, in rustic chambers which would frighten their luxurious descendants of to-day, who reap the harvest which they sowed. In this rude simplicity, so different from the life he had lived in England, the head of Pennsylvania wrote a friend that this was a noble place for serving God, and added, "Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries and perplexities of woeful Europe."

Charles the Second had intended to give Penn's father a peerage, with the title of Lord Weymouth, but this was frustrated by the action of the son in becoming a Friend.

Some of the colonists had good estates, and brought frames of houses with them. Others lived in log cabins covered with clap-

boards, or bark and turf huts, which served as shelters while they were constructing better houses. Caves were also dug in the river bank as temporary abodes for the poor. Wild pigeons enriched their diet. The Indians kindly provided provisions.

When John Chapman and his wife, near Neshaminy Creek, went to Yearly Meeting, the Indians came daily to watch over the wants of their young family.

The meetings of Friends were first held in private houses. Penn was deeply interested in the religious welfare of his new community. "One boarded meeting-house was set up," Richard Townsend writes, "where the city was to be." After "very comfortable meetings" the loving neighbors assisted each other in erecting their small houses. Such were the "bees" among the more northern settlers in later days, when heavy work, such as wood-cutting, was divided among many hands, and the jovial rustic meal sweetened the hard toil, and promoted good will. Penn brought a mill, which was placed on Chester Creek, and ground corn

and sawed boards. Men carried corn on their backs for many miles.

The neck of land forming Philadelphia pleased Penn vastly. The water fronts on the Delaware and Schuylkill were valuable, and the coves and docks and springs, the lofty land and pure air were invaluable. Less than a year saw about eighty plain houses arise.

Amid all these encouragements the persecution of English Friends, the need of asserting his rights as to the Maryland boundary, and the longing desire to see his family, made the Proprietary turn his wistful eyes over the broad sea once more. He had spent thousands of pounds in promoting the welfare of the Indians. He made a league of friendship with nineteen Indian nations, covering all the English in America. He laid down excellent laws. Philadelphia, his capital, had nearly three hundred houses and twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and there were twenty other townships. Clarkson places the whole population at about seven thousand.

Before embarking Penn gave the Provincial Council authority to act in his place, Thomas Lloyd being President, and receiving

from him the Great Seal. In August, 1684, the Proprietary sailed homeward, regretted by the country, for he had been just and kind to all. On the vessel he wrote a letter to Thomas Lloyd and others, to be communicated to the Friends' meetings, in which he says:—

"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee!

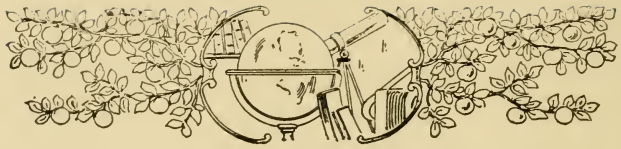
"O that thou mayest be kept from the evil that would overwhelm thee: that, faithful to the God of thy mercies, in the life of righteousness, thou mayest be preserved to the end! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by His power. My love to thee has been great, and the remembrance of thee affects my heart and mine eye. The God of eternal strength keep and preserve thee to His glory and thy peace!

"So, dear friends, my love again salutes

you all, wishing that grace, mercy and peace, with all temporal blessings, may abound richly amongst you. So says, so prays your friend and lover in the truth,

"William Penn."

This beautiful epistle shows how its writer had so fully idealized his darling city that she had become human to him, and as a personal friend; and he ever seemed to rejoice in that relation, ever kept her in mind, and ever strove for her welfare at home and abroad through crowds of difficulties. Now he receives the due honor which was often denied him in life. Posthumous honor is the truest praise; for the thoughts of men in life are dimmed by suspicion and distrust, and a knowledge of human frailty, which is the lot of every child of man; but real nobility shines the brightest in the deepest night of affliction, and so it was in this case.



Mutations.

"The world goes up and the world goes down,
And sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again."

—Charles Kingsley.

Penn's work in England, in changing reigns, was very difficult. Dancing attendance on courts and seeking royal smiles is never an easy task. The Wise Man in Proverbs said, "The wrath of a king is as messengers of death: but a wise man will pacify it. In the light of the king's countenance is life: and his favor is as a cloud of the latter rain."

William Penn was born in the reign of Charles the First, and lived in the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George the First, and also under the rule of the Protec-

tor Cromwell, and the short tenure of Cromwell's son Richard. So the septuagenarian had seen eight rulers in England, and experienced tempestuous storms in Church and State, ever in mature life singing songs of peace, while his countrymen were ever making ready for battle.

He strove earnestly to use the influence at court which he had inherited from his father, and which he maintained by spotless integrity, to mitigate persecution, and to obtain the freedom of captives, whether of his own faith or not. But men who have kingly favor are oftentimes burned by its light. The jealous ones called him a trickster and a Jesuit in disguise, and repeated foolish stories, which calm minds would have dismissed with a sneer. The old Latin motto reads, *Inter arma leges silent*, and while civil laws are too often silent in the din of the alarms of war, tongues and pens rage with sad rapidity.

It is natural that when worldly interests and life are at stake the red-hot fever of anger should emit a flame, and fire does not always distinguish friends from foes, as in

the battle's smoke men wrongly fire at their own comrades. When governmental matters were mixed with spiritual ones, and the Province of Pennsylvania and the Maryland bounds claimed by Lord Baltimore were mingled together, an audience with the King, or his prospective successor, the Duke of York, was a very troublesome and uncertain affair, especially as the moods of a sovereign, or a court, are likely to be variable, and affected by other interests than those of the last suppliant, who deems his own case the most important.

This volume may not dwell on the long and disappointing struggles with the law, and the whims of the great, which distressed and wore out the spirit of the founder of Pennsylvania. At one time, he says, he was well received at court as the proprietor and governor of a royal province; at another he was arrested at a Friends' meeting, and again informed of for meeting with the Whigs. In all these troubles and perplexities this man, who was far ahead of his day, pleaded for liberty of conscience.

In the winter of 1684-5 the death of

Charles the Second occurred by apoplexy, and his brother James, the Duke of York, succeeded to the throne as James the Second. James was the friend of Penn, who strove to be loyal to him. Toleration in religion, and the opening of prisons, came on this king's accession.

When England had been shaken by dissension, James the Second was driven from his throne, and William and Mary came into power, it is striking to read that little Philadelphia, too, had her internal troubles. Penn writes to the magistrates about excesses in the caves, which he declares are his property, intended for the use of poor emigrants.

Thomas Lloyd, a minister among Friends, had performed the executive functions of the government, as President of Council, and afterwards as Chairman of the Commissioners, for years. He became weary of his task. Penn released him, and appointed Captain John Blackwell, a British officer, who was not a Friend. In writing to Lloyd the Proprietary styled Pennsylvania "my worldly delight."

When the "Act of Toleration" was

passed, Penn felt that one of the greatest objects of his tarrying in England was accomplished, and desired to return to his colony. The new governor was not a success, and had disagreed with the Council and the Assembly. Thomas Lloyd again came into power. Penn suggested to the Provincial Council that they should name several deputy governors, and begged them to be at peace with God, in faith in Christ, "in this momentary, troublesome, busy world."

In A.D. 1689, Penn instructed Thomas Lloyd, President of the Council, to set up a school. Thus arose the "Friends' Public School," incorporated in 1697, with a new patent in 1701, and another charter in 1708. The present charter was given by Penn in 1711. The scholar in classical literature, George Keith, was the first teacher. He was originally a minister of prominence among Friends, but afterward became a clergyman of the Church of England.

Penn still looked toward America, but government troubles detained him, and the prison again received him. The death of George Fox deeply affected him; his dying

words, "William, mind poor Friends in America," rang in Penn's ears, as "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment," did in those of St. Jerome.

In Pennsylvania, troubles arose between that province and Delaware. The Scotchman, George Keith, had lived in England, and traveled with Penn on the continent. He now set up a separate meeting, and then went to England, and was ordained a clergyman of the English Church by the Bishop of London, who had the spiritual oversight of this region.

In 1792 William and Mary gave the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania to Benjamin Fletcher, the Governor of New York.

A new and sharp affliction arose in the death of Penn's excellent wife. For nearly three years he withdrew from the world, and prayed and wrote. He proposed in "An Essay toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe" what the world has lately seen in that beautiful "House in the Wood" at The Hague, where, among the surrounding trees, a Congress met to talk of universal peace, and then the nations began to show their depravity by practicing war.

The effort of Penn and his wife to be just toward their rulers is indicated by the fact, given in Agnes Strickland's "Life of Mary Beatrice," wife of James the Second, that Gulielma Penn made an annual pilgrimage to the Court of St. Germain, carrying presents from the friends of the exiled king and queen, and was received by them affectionately, though she claimed that the revolution was necessary.

Difficulty arose in Pennsylvania about military demands, which the Friends opposed. Fletcher appointed the cousin of Penn, William Markham, lieutenant-governor. He himself was afterward relieved of his post, and the government was, in 1694, returned to Penn by William and Mary. The colonists had seen to their cost how different was the mild rule of Penn from that of a military governor. This year Penn made Markham lieutenant-governor. Thomas Lloyd had lately died. He was a man beloved and honored by all, a Welshman, educated at Oxford, and a worthy minister of the Society of Friends. He did not seek office, but office sought him. He was the only one of the

HANNAH CALLOWHILL

early governors of Pennsylvania whose conduct pleased both Penn and the people, and he died at the early age of forty-four. Before dying he declared that he had "fought the good fight and kept the faith."

After Penn was reinstated in his government, in 1694, the English people had a reaction in his favor, and he held large religious meetings in various parts of the kingdom.

In 1696 there came a turn in the life of our hero, which we must note. He had held a large meeting in Bristol, the home of his father. His powerful exhortations on the higher spiritual life moved some to tears. In the audience he recognized his friend of early days, Hannah Callowhill, daughter of the prominent merchant, Thomas Callowhill, and granddaughter of the great merchant, Dennis Hollister, who were Friends. Her sweet face and sympathetic look haunted him after the excitement of his address was over, and his anxious mind, contending between the kindred emotions of love and religion, would not allow him to sleep.

He recalled his early days of restful happiness with Guli, who had answered to his

every smile and gentle word, giving him double payment for his affection. Then the train of reflection brought up the birth of the children, and the faith with which the innocent babes were laid away with tears in their mother earth, to await a joyful resurrection when Christ should come in the heavenly clouds with His holy angels. How many united cares had hung around the three children who survived, and what pleasant days two congenial souls had seen in religious journeys. How much self-denial there was in Guli's mind and heart when she allowed her dear husband to go to a new and wild land; and how she pined away in his enforced absence, though sharing his hopes of a new empire of peace across the wilderness of waters!

Then came the sad summons home to look once again on the sweet lily before it faded, and after that the weary days of watching declining health after the glad meeting; and next the dying-bed, and the final messages of undying love, and concerning the children's welfare when they should be motherless. Death claimed his own, and a new beauty passed over the face so dear to him, as La-

vater notes the wondrous charm of the still countenance which has lost the look of care, and the wrinkles that mark the milestones of time; and the smile, as on Cowper's face, denoting the entrance to a higher and a happier state. He kept his Rizpah watch, and then, like Charles the Second, of Spain, gazed on the corpse of his wife, trying to pry into the hidden mysteries of the future state, but was compelled to give up the vain search. Byron's poem on Greece illustrates the feeling:

> "He who hath bent him o'er the dead
> Ere the first day of life is fled,—
> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress,
> Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,—
> And marked the mild, angelic air,
> The rapture of repose, that's there."

The rising of the sun found Penn still cogitating on the days that were gone, and yet turning hopefully to the future, as he cries, "I am loyal to the past, but must seek the good of the present. Guli's name shall ever be dear to me, and in the coming world, where marriage, according to the Master, is unknown, Guli and Hannah shall be as sis-

ters. My business and family and religious affairs are pressing on me, so that my brain is nearly bursting. When I leave a prison, or fight a governmental cabal, at home or in the colony, I need a sympathetic heart to comfort and advise me. I will do what millions of my fellow-men have done, and what I thought needless until to-day. I will seek the love and the hand of Hannah Callowhill."

As the morning progressed the unconscious Hannah was sitting at the window of her father's fine mansion, driving her busy needle, as the stitches flew through a snowy garment. She sees a well-known and revered form approaching in the dignity of manly beauty, and herself opens the door to welcome William Penn.

"Good morning, Hannah," says the visitor.

"Good morning to thee," replies the fair hostess.

"We had a sensible blessing in the goodly motions of the Spirit in our meeting yesterday," remarked the minister, "and I observed that thou wast not unmoved."

"Indeed I was not, Friend William. I have heard of the crowds that have attended thy meetings in the open air, and may God seal thy testimony for Truth in the salvation of many poor souls, who may shine in heaven in thy crown of rejoicing."

Penn answered, "Thank thee, kind heart, for thy blessed words of comfort to a wearied soul, and I wish to drink deeper of this refreshing stream. Thou knows the many hard cares of my most toilsome life. At this present time my poor Springett hangs between life and death, and is ripe for the kingdom. His Christian humility and his retiring and soft tenderness in our meetings show that his bright mind is looking heavenward, and the Master is calling for him, as He did for Mary, the sweet sister of Lazarus, in the ancient day. William and Tishe are a grief and pain to me. Whence they got their strange humors I cannot tell; certainly not from their sainted mother; and their father humbly tries to walk in the ways of the Lord. The sick one and the well ones need a woman's tender care; my hand is not soft enough to soothe the brow of my dear Springett. Thy sweet

face and tender words would lighten our household. I think that my concern for thee is the leading of the Holy Spirit. Wilt thou be mine?"

Hannah sat through this long speech with her eyes on the carpet, in pleased wonder that the thought that had already entered her heart had become the ruling idea in the mind of him whom she had so highly honored, but never expected to claim as her very own. She had no speeches to make, but rose and gently placed her hand in that of the earnest pleader; and with a blushing cheek parted her lips only to whisper, "I am thine." Such a salute followed as would not have shamed the "holy kiss" of the primitive Church, mentioned in Holy Scripture, or such as the angels may use in heaven.

That hour was a memorable one for both, and also for the future of the infant settlement. The business-like daughter of the Bristol merchant was to be a tower of strength to Penn and Pennsylvania. During the final weary years of the illness of her husband, with the assistance of the faithful James Logan, she guided in

large measure the fortunes of the new province, and with rare wisdom and discretion. She "looked well to the ways of her household," managed wisely and successfully the financial and other problems which had broken down the health of William Penn; smoothed with her devotion the troublous pathway of his last years, and then dutifully closed his eyes, and gave her faithful testimony to his holy life.

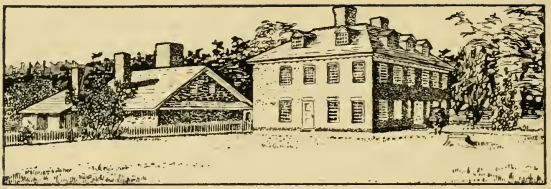
The next Thursday, in Friends' meeting, the two parties "passed meeting," or received the approval of both the male and female assemblies; and the brave Hannah, as she held her future husband's hand, and declared her purpose, was less moved than her spouse, who could endure a prison or a mob, but was very nervous over a few words of betrothal said before a company of his fellow-believers. The betrothal, which comes from Jewish days, is common in Germany, and forms a part of the service of the English Church, is wisely used by Friends, making marriage respectable, and by its notice in public, as in the publishing of the banns, checking improper marriages.

This being over, in a short time the marriage followed. At a public meeting the pair, in Friends' fashion, married themselves by declaring that they took each other as husband and wife, for a loving and faithful wedded life, "until death should separate them," trusting in "Divine assistance" to keep their solemn pledge. The woman received her new name, and the certificate was signed by many witnesses, as a good custom to certify the marriage, and keep up a memory of the signers. Many an old American certificate to-day recalls the names of families who would otherwise be almost forgotten.

There was a quiet, but sumptuous entertainment at the Callowhill mansion, and the willing captive went to her husband's home, in a union of hearts as well as hands. The walks along the deep cut formed by the river Avon, the visits to see the relics of St. Mary's Church, Redclyffe, and the various sights of old Bristol, became a pleasant memory as the new life called to fresh duties and joys. The care of Springett now fell into skillful hands and there was no "lack of woman's nursing,"

THE WHARVES OF BRISTOL, AND THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

until the last words were heard: "I am resigned to what God pleaseth. He knows what is best. I would live, if it pleased Him, that I might serve Him; but, O Lord, not my will, but Thine be done."



The Return.

"There shall be sung another Golden Age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts:

"Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

—Bishop Berkeley.

When Peter the Great was working at Deptford, Penn called on him, with other Friends, and gave him books in German explaining their principles. The Czar of Muscovy received them pleasantly, and sometimes went to the meetings of the Friends in that place, and Penn afterward wrote him a letter. When in Frederickstadt, in Holstein, assisting the Danes in opposition to the

Swedes, the Czar made an arrangement to have a meeting of Friends held, and attended it with several of his officers, and, as "Story's Journal," quoted by Janney, relates, commended the doctrine then taught.

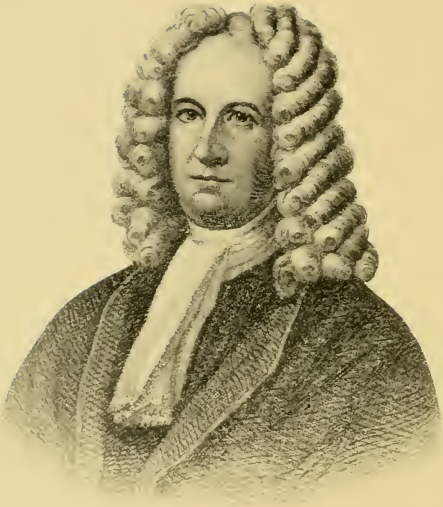
In September, O. S., A.D. 1699, Penn sailed from Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on his long-delayed return to his province. When the ship Canterbury appeared at Chester, December 1st, O. S., 1699, after a three months' voyage, the colonists were glad that, after an absence of fifteen years, the Proprietary had come to make a home with them, bringing his family. The evening before, Penn had come up in his barge to the house of Lydia Wade, not far from Chester, which he reached after dark. Thomas Story met him there, and spent the night; while doubtless many a story of early politics and business occupied the fleeting hours, as they talked of things which would have consumed too much time in writing. The next day, when the peaceful governor landed on Chester creek, a number of young men, contrary to the magistrate's order, "fired a salute 'with two small sea-pieces of cannon.'" An

accident occurred, which cost the loss of an arm to one of the young men. Penn kindly paid the expenses of the surgeon and the support of the youth until death followed, and then he met the charges of the funeral. The governor went to Philadelphia, and was gladly received there.

The yellow fever, which had been brought from Barbadoes, and was called the Barbadoes fever, and which afterwards at times grievously affected the new city, had claimed of late more than two hundred victims, touching nearly every house. A solemnity hung over the town, and jesting, feasting and worldly pleasure stood aside, awed by the direful calamity. Still the Friends determined to hold their yearly meeting, and it was a solemn one. No one attending it was smitten.

The coming of the cheerful Penn lightened the gloom, and the fact that his family were in his company seemed to promise that he was to make a home among his loving people.

James Logan wrote to William Penn, Jr., who was in England, about the reception of



JAMES LOGAN

his father. Logan's birthplace was Lurgan, Ireland, though his parents were Scotch, and had held estates in Scotland, which had been confiscated in the conspiracy of the Earl of Gowrie. The son knew Latin, Greek and Hebrew before he was thirteen years old, and in his sixteenth year mastered Laybourn's Mathematics without instruction. His father was a teacher in the English Bristol, and James assisted him. He came with Penn as his secretary. He became the Secretary of the Province, Commissioner of Property, President of the Council, and Chief-Justice. This bright man was literary and scientific, and was a correspondent of European men of learning. His country-seat was Stenton, now at Wayne Junction station, in Germantown, where distinguished strangers who visited Pennsylvania were hospitably entertained. He was a patron of learning, and presented his valuable library by will to the Library Company of Philadelphia, and it is now known as the Loganian Library. Although he was a Friend, he was in favor of military defence. His business and prudence made him a great aid to Penn. In person Logan

was tall, and in manner graceful and dignified, kind and attractive. The letters which passed between him and Penn were toilfully copied and published to the world by the faithful Deborah Logan, the widow of Dr. George Logan, who died at Stenton in 1821.

Stenton is still an attractive, old-fashioned country-seat, and lovers of athletic games are familiar with its aspect of antique dignity as seen from the neighboring cricket grounds.

Deborah Logan wrote of her husband's ancestor, James Logan:

> "Enamor'd of the fame
> Of him who reared these walls, whose classic lore
> For science brightly blazed, and left his name
> Indelible. By honor, too, approved,
> And virtue cherished by the Muses' flame."

Stenton is supposed to have been finished in 1728. It is a quiet and dignified mansion of brick, suited to the character of its master. The large hall gives a hearty welcome. It used to be thought a palace, and was the scene of many an ancient feast, where were gathered the most notable figures of the colonial society. Scriptural paintings on

the old fireplace tiles remind one of the lessons learned by Dr. Doddridge from his religious mother from similar scenes. The woodwork is remarkable. An underground passage ran from the house to the barn as a means of escape in time of danger. Tradition says that visiting Indians have slept on the old stairway. The chief Wingohocking loved Logan, and asked him in Indian fashion to exchange names with him. Logan told the Indian that he might have his name, and he would give that of the Indian to the creek on the Stenton estate. William Wirt used the name of this chief to illustrate Indian oratory.

Deborah Logan is buried in an old graveyard near the mansion. She copied thousands of pages of letters of Penn, Logan and others, found neglected, mouldy and torn in the attic, adding notes. She worked in the early morning, and wrote a poem entitled "The Hour of Prime." She was the granddaughter of Penn's friend and coworker, Isaac Norris, Sr., whose letters appear in the Logan Correspondence. He was Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania when he died. Deborah

Logan, as a young girl, heard the Declaration of Independence read in the State House yard, and as a matron she entertained Washington at Stenton, and visited Mount Vernon with her husband.

In the Revolution it was ordered that Stenton should be burned, when seventeen houses between Philadelphia and Germantown were fired for alleged aggressions from some of them. Two men came to burn Stenton, and told the colored housekeeper to take her property out, while they went to the barn for straw to set the house on fire. A British officer rode up seeking deserters. The quick-witted housekeeper replied that they had gone to the barn to hide in the straw. The officer cried: "Come out, rascals, and run before me into camp!" They protested, and alleged their commissions, but the Logan house, with its important manuscripts, was saved. This faithful woman was buried in the garden at Stenton.

Deborah Logan wrote an account of James Logan, as she was very conversant with his history. One morning in June she had risen very early, and was at work at her

A VIEW OF THE STATE HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA

copying, as the fragrance of the roses was wafted into the open windows of the upper room which had been the library of Penn's secretary. She had been for a day or two toiling over a letter from Logan to Penn, on which the mice and the mould had been contending for generations, and where it was hard to name the victors. Her sleep had been disturbed by the puzzle, and she caught herself in waking talking aloud about it. She gazed fixedly at the portrait of Logan which hung on the wall before her for a time, and then addressed it, as if it were alive: "Honored ancestor of my worthy husband, I deeply wish that thou couldst unravel my riddle!"

So engrossed was she in the thought, and so closely did she feel the relation with him who had occupied her life-work for years, that she felt no wonder when the countenance moved, the eyes looked kindly down on her, and the lips parted to explain the difficulty, and then added more instruction, thus:

"Dear child of my house, I thank thee for the great care which thou hast taken to preserve the memory of my governor, Wil-

liam Penn, and that of my less worthy self. I trace my ancestry back to a Baron of Restalrig, and am most nobly connected, as one of our race married a daughter of Robert the Second, who granted him the Grugar lands in a charter addressed to '*Militi dilecto fratri suo.*' ('To his well-beloved soldier brother.') Sir Walter and Sir Robert Logan were associates with Sir James Douglas in the glorious band of Scotch chivalry, who strove to comply with the dying request of Robert Bruce to carry his heart to the Holy Sepulchre. The Logans fell under the walls of Granada, fighting with the Moors. The heart of the hero was brought back and buried in the monastery of Montrose. Sir Robert Logan once defeated an English fleet.

"I was born in Ireland of a Scotch family. My wife Sarah Reed was ever a true helpmeet to me. I ever tried to perform the business of William and Hannah Penn most faithfully, and they treated me as a brother. I was for a time the President of the young Province. For forty years I served Penn, and when I wished to retire, sickness fell on him, and for six more years I continued my work.

I loved the dear Indians, and they loved me. . . . I labored to lead a Christian life, and to lead others Heavenward, and was not disappointed of my hope. . . . My worthy granddaughter, so spend thy earthly years that the eternal years at God's right hand with Christ may be thy lot."

The eyes closed, and the face resumed its expression of placid repose, but the amanuensis went on with her toil cheerfully, and never forgot the pleasant hour which had brightened her tasks, and left a glow behind it like that of the setting sun.

Logan, in his seventy-third year, was invited to resume the presidency of the Province, but declined. His son William was a member of the Provincial Council, and benevolent in giving the Indians land for a settlement, and in educating them. Deborah Logan's husband, Dr. George Logan, was a United States Senator, and visited France to stop the war between France and America, if possible. He met Talleyrand. An act of Congress was passed, which is "sometimes called the Logan Act." In after years, he again went to France, hoping to show English

statesmen the poor policy of the conduct which induced the war of 1812. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said the Master; let us honor his good deeds. He was an acquaintance of Sir Samuel Romilly, Wilberforce, Thomas Clarkson, Coke, the Duke of Bedford, and the Marquis of Wellesley.

Deborah Logan survived her husband eighteen years, living through the Revolution. Mrs. Owen J. Wister gives a sketch of her in "Worthy Women of Our First Century," edited by Mrs. Wister and Miss Agnes Irwin. Sally Wister's Journal was kept for the use of her "Dear Debby Norris," afterward Mrs. Logan. Conarroe painted her portrait when she was over seventy.

In Deborah Logan's day, on her first going to Stenton, the estate, which had already been divided, stretched from Fisher's to Nicetown Lane, and from the Germantown turnpike to the Old York Road. It lies in a beautiful country, and Washington was delighted with its fine grass and tasteful improvements, while he kindly noticed the children there. During the Revolution Stenton was for a time the headquarters of General Howe.

STENTON—THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES LOGAN

Another character of importance in Penn's day was Colonel Robert Quarry. He was a British Judge of the Admiralty, whose duty it was to see that the revenue laws were enforced. He was a leader of the English Church folk, and opposed Penn. He wished the pirates to be checked. They had become very powerful in the new world, and men of high standing were ready to share their nefarious gains. Penn accomplished this, and when he was present in the colony his personal influence was very great, but he was absent so many years that there was much dissension, and it was very difficult to guide the ship of state when the commander was not on deck.

That age had not advanced to our present standard. Penn was a slaveholder, in accord with the custom of his day, but he desired to make marriage the rule of the colored people, to raise their standard of morality. The office of Quarry, and that of the advocate, John Moore, of the same court, made them independent of Penn, and of the Legislature, and it was their interest to be in the opposition. So they sent to the Board of Trade in

London complaints and highly-colored reports.

Another colonial character was David Lloyd, a Welshman and a lawyer. He had been a captain in Cromwell's army, and Penn made him Attorney-General. He was an able man, of fair character, but disturbed himself and the people. As a maintainer of the rights of the people he acquired much influence, and brought many of them into opposition to the government. He also had difficulty with Colonel Quarry, who accused him of disrespect to the King, of insulting his commission and the seal of the Court of Admiralty, of saying of the picture on the seal, "What is this? Do you think to scare us with a great box [meaning the seal in a tin box] and a little baby?" [That was the picture.] He said, "'Tis true, fine pictures please children; but we are not to be frightened at such a rate."

When Penn went in his barge from Pennsbury to Philadelphia, he used to stop at Burlington to see Governor Jennings, of New Jersey. Once the governor was smoking with his friends, and heard that the barge

JOHN PENN, "THE AMERICAN"

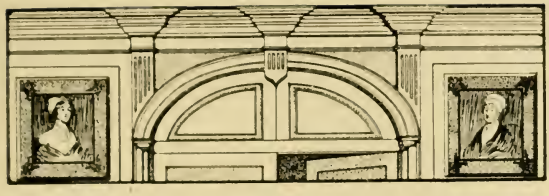
of the Proprietary was approaching. They put their pipes aside, for fear of annoying him. He came in sooner than he was expected, and said that he was pleased that they had had enough propriety to be ashamed of their actions. Jennings answered, "We are not ashamed, but stopped to avoid hurting a weak brother."

A visit to an Indian cantico, or fair, was a pleasant diversion for the Penn family. Logan notes the money spent on such an occasion by the mother and the children, and even by the Governor, as well as by Hannah Carpenter; and the comfits show that youngsters liked candy as well then as they do to-day, though it was probably of a simpler kind.

The Penn family were held in high esteem by their neighbors. Isaac Norris wrote of the son, John, "the American," who was born at Trent's slate-roof house, in Philadelphia, that he was "a lovely babe," and that Hannah Penn was "extremely well beloved here, exemplary in her station, and of an excellent spirit, which adds luster to her character, and has a great place in the hearts of

good people. The governor is our *Pater Patriæ*, and his worth is no new thing to us; we value him highly, and hope his life will be preserved till all things now on the wheel are settled here to his peace and comfort and the people's ease and quiet."

We can see William and Hannah Penn, as they sit on a summer day on the banks of the bright Delaware, as the rippling breeze dances over the waves of the wide river, and hear them talking of the joys and sorrows of colonial life, and the hopes of brighter days for themselves and the colony. Sad tidings come of the misdoings of the son William in the motherland, and at times the father blames himself sorely for having left him among the temptations of the gay society of London; and then he thinks of the good he is doing to the many now, and in the future, when the unborn shall bless his gentle rule. Hannah hears of deaths and sicknesses at home among her beloved ones, and grieves that by the time the letter arrives announcing their illness they may be dead and buried, and that it is impossible for her to reach them to help or solace them.



Migma.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring;
No endless night, yet no eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

—Robert Southwell.

The Greek word "Migma," which gives a title to this chapter, signifies a mixture, and is used to imply a compound of made dishes or of medicine. It here refers to the miscellaneous character of the matters to be treated of, and might fitly be applied to this whole volume.

The virgin world of which Pennsylvania was a specimen, is supposed by some to have been known to the ancient world. The following passage from the mouth of the Chorus in Seneca's Medea is certainly a most remarkable one: "The sea has now yielded, and patiently endures all laws. No Argo compacted by the hand of Pallas, and

impelled illustrious by the oars of princes, is now sought after: any vulgar bark safely wanders over the deep. Every ancient boundary is removed, and cities have placed their new walls in new lands. The pervious globe has left nothing in the situation where once it was. The Indian drinks the cold Araxes: the Persians taste the Elbe and the Rhine. In late years ages shall arrive when the ocean shall relax the bounds of the universe, a mighty land shall be laid open, Tiphys shall unveil new wonders, and Thule shall no longer be the utmost extremity of the earth."

Tiphys was the pilot of the ship of the Argonauts. "*Ultima Thule*" are the words used by Seneca, and the ancients called Thule the extreme of the earth, though they did not know its position; it was supposed to be in the most northerly parts of the German Ocean, perhaps Iceland, or a portion of Greenland, or the Shetland Isles. The Greek navigator, Pytheas, first mentions it, saying, "It is six days sail from Britain," and that the climate is a "mixture of earth, air, and sea." It has generally been located as the Faroe Islands. Suidas says it was named

from Thulus, its most ancient king. The Greek Antonius Diogenes composed a romance on "The Incredible Things Beyond Thule," which has produced many similar tales. There is something so mysterious about an unknown world, that it is no wonder that romance loves to dwell on its mysteries. Thomson, in his "Seasons," calls it "farthest Thule," and the old ballad runs:

> "There was a king in Thule
> Who loved his true love truly."

The wonderful island of Atlantis had a similar history, and it is claimed to have been America. The wonders crowded into both these stories have been more than made good in this new country, and Pennsylvania alone may be considered a theater of romance almost passing belief. Seneca may have learned of America from Diodorus Siculus and others, it having been, it was thought, discovered by the ancient sea-loving Phœnicians driven there by a tempest. The "Gallio, deputy of Achaia," before whom St. Paul was brought, was named Annæus Seneca Novatus, and afterward adopted by

Junius Gallio. He was a brother of the philosopher.

Centuries have rolled away since men guessed dimly about new worlds beyond the sea; but now they were not only found, but settled; and we will come back on a fine summer morning, and behold Hannah Penn, in Pennsbury, as she is sitting in a true motherly way by the side of her babe, John, "the American." A pretty little barefoot girl is walking up the avenue, with some berries and cottage cheese, which her mother sends to show her good-will to the wife of the Governor, who had sent her dainties in her illness. The door is open, and the awestruck maiden peeps into what the rustics call a "palace," and fears to enter.

"Come in, my little Mary," says the mistress of the house. "How are thy good mother and father and the children?"

"Very well, I thank thee," responds the damsel, "and mother sends thee a little present, and hopes that thee and the Governor and little John are well."

"Thank thy mother for me," replies

Hannah Penn; "and tell her that I am soon coming over Welcome Creek to see her. Here is a nice red apple for thee. The scion came from Maryland, and William is proud of it."

Hereupon John proceeds to show his independent sympathies for the equal rights of the oppressed, by waking up with a loud yell, and the pretty and delicate woman grasps the babe in her arms to quiet its wail on her gentle breast, while Mary departs to live to tell her great-grandchildren the tale of her youth. The story of Sutcliff, about Penn taking little Rebecca Wood on his horse, as she was going from Darby to Haverford meeting, betrays a kind heart.

Thrice daily Penn assembled his family at Pennsbury for the worship of God. Once he was lodging at a house in Merion, and a lad peeping through the latchet-hole of the door saw him kneeling in prayer at his bedside, and heard him thank God for a provision in the wilderness.

Domestic affairs at Pennsbury ever interested the great man. He sends orders for milk and baking pans, which Betty Webb

may select, and for Indian meal, which proves that he had learned to use this American luxury. Indian corn is now one of the great staples of life, and grows on Italian plains, as well as on the hills and valleys of this new world. He wishes to be at the wedding of Captain Richard Hill and Hannah Deleval.

Penn was rather averse to lawyers, and preferred to settle things in his own way. Judge Guest represented the law, but Thomas Story, who had been a lawyer, gave up that profession when he became a minister among the Friends. The persons who were employed at Pennsbury were "John Sotcher, steward; Hugh Sharp, gardener; Robert Beekham, man-servant; Mary Lofty, housekeeper; Ann Nichols, cook; Dorothy Mullers, a German maid; and Dorcas, a coloured woman." The Friends held meetings for the negroes, and Penn declared in his will that his slaves were to be free, but the conditions of the will do not appear to have been observed. The Governor and Council strove to Christianize the Indians.

The danger of losing his power in the

Province by its falling to the crown led Penn to return to England. "Poor Phinehas Pemberton" was then dying, though he had "crept to meeting," as Penn writes Logan, and he adds, "I am grieved at it, for he has not his fellow, and without him this is a poor country indeed." Penn's wife and daughter, "Tishe," would not stay in America without him, and Samuel Carpenter was ready to excuse the young woman, who must have naturally had more interest in the life of England, with its society, than in the dull existence of an American colony. The Proprietary had a great desire to return hither, and his interest was in Pennsylvania, as he had given his English and Irish estates to the children of his first wife.

His Indian friends came to say good-bye. They declared that they did not break covenants, and they now renewed their old ones. One smote his hand on his head thrice, saying that they did not make their covenants in their heads, but, striking his breast three times, declared that they made them there, in their hearts. Hither came the great and good Sachem, Tamanend, who is said to be

buried in the soil of Pennsylvania, but whose name has been adopted by the Tammany Society of New York, and also Cannassetego, the Chief of the Onondagas, who loved Logan, and, when he discovered him sick, said in Indian fashion, that he "found him hid in the bushes," was among the visitors, with words of true friendship. Naaman, the noble chief, who gave the name of Naaman's creek to what is now Claymont, on the northern border of Delaware, and Nanne Seka, Keka Rappan, Tong Goras, and Espan Appe were present, with two hundred Indians. Many fair words were spoken, but one there was who was not in accord with the general sentiment in favor of the white man. He boldly stood up and declared that the Great Spirit had given the land to their forefathers, who had fished and hunted at their pleasure on it, and now Penn and his friends had come, and not only become owners of it, but wished to give it to their children, thus alienating it forever from the ancient true and rightful owners, who trusted God, and never bequeathed land to their offspring. This

speech of our Indian friend really indicates the feeling of some of the wiser red men when they saw their soil slipping away from under their feet, as if by a tidal wave. When Nicholas Scull was surveying land in what is now Monroe County, Pennsylvania, an old Indian laid his hand on his shoulder saying, "Put up iron string, go home," and the surveyor obeyed. The savage knew that the dreaded instrument meant loss of home and property and ancestral graves.

Then arises the old and sad query, Have savage nations a right to the soil? Does a man who pretends to discover a country, which had been discovered and populated ages ago, have a right to dispossess the inhabitants by force? The answer has been written in blood at the death of Guatemozin, in Mexico, and at that of Atahuallpa, by Pizarro's cruel treachery, in Peru; and too often elsewhere in fair America, as the Indian has been pressed onward to the setting sun, and has cried with the ancient British that he was driven to the sea, and the raging sea drove him back upon his enemies. He

has replied with the blazing torch and the bloody tomahawk, and the question is yet being answered, as fraud and the greed of gain are pushing the original owners of our land into the Pacific ocean, and we have not the grace to fully Christianize and civilize the poor remnant of the natives who preceded us in this good land. We keep up the names of the towns and creeks as a poetic fancy, and then neglect the aborigines. Still many there are who are really striving to undo this wrong, and may God richly bless their efforts to establish righteousness in this country.

But we must stop this digression, return to the broad meadows on the bank of the Delaware at Pennsbury, and behold the Indians in picturesque groups on the sod, sitting down to enjoy the rich feast given by the Proprietary, who was greatly pleased in seeing their happiness. The table was loaded with a hundred turkeys, and venison was not lacking. The rude sons of the forest did ample justice to the good cheer, with many a grunt of deep satisfaction. The chief Colkamicha made a speech of thanks, and the

Indians performed a little dance, which pleased the whites by its grace and agility. Then the older chiefs advanced to the Governor, and with many a profound salaam bade him farewell, wishing him happiness and health in this world, and joy in the Better Land, when the Great Spirit should call him home.

Penn replied with words of love, his family received the polite greetings of the natives, and then these guests silently and gravely marched through the old cherry hedge to the highway, and disappeared. They were never again on earth to behold the kindly face of their benefactor; but may we not believe that some of these faithful souls, who strove to serve God according to their light, have met him whom they loved in the Paradise of God, where wars and troubles and property questions may not vex the hearts of the dwellers above? — where, as Pindar sings,

> "They till not the soil,
> They vex not the wave,
> They toil not, never, no, never;
> But in the islands of the blest
> They are happy forever and ever."

These " Fortunate Islands," or " Islands of the Blessed," beyond life's tumultuous sea, have been the thought of poet and seer from Greek days to the early times of America, and the magnificent glories of the setting sun will ever be a foretaste of that other world where rest and joy follow the toil and disquiet in this state of existence, where too often the more one toils for his fellow men the more heartaches and disappointments and lack of appreciation follow him.

Penn, in expressing his reluctance to leave the Province, where he had attempted to set everything to rights, declared to the Assembly that he had promised himself " the quietness of a wilderness." In treating with the Assembly of property affairs it is noteworthy that the old quit-rent of a hundred acres of land was one bushel of wheat per annum, but he would not promise that the same low rate should be maintained in the territories now constituting Delaware, whence an appeal came, as the property might rise in value, and there had been expense in the long controversy with Lord Baltimore about the Maryland boundary, which

ISAAC NORRIS

the Council had promised that the public should pay.

Isaac Norris wrote of the "excellent wife" of the Governor, before her departure, that her friends sorrowed heavily at her leaving them, and that her "wonderful evenness, humility and freedom, her sweetness and goodness, have become her character, and are indeed extraordinary. In short, we love her, and she deserves it."

Now delightful Pennsbury, with its trees and flowers, the favorite horses, kind neighbors, and loved domestics, the affectionate Indians and the pleasant religious meetings, must all be left, and the uncertain sea must be braved for a long voyage. Andrew Hamilton, a former governor of East and West Jersey, is appointed Deputy-Governor, and James Logan is appointed Provincial Secretary and Clerk of the Council.

After the return to England, Penn sent his son William to the Province, directing Logan to have oversight of him, as he was inclined to be wild. He wished him to live at Pennsbury, and have "no rambling to New York, nor mongrel correspondence. He has

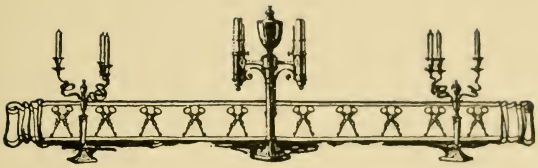
promised fair; I know he will regard thee," writes Penn to Logan, and he goes on to say, "He has wit, kept the top company, and must be handled with much love and wisdom; and urging the weakness or folly of some behaviours, and the necessity of another conduct from interest and reputation, will go far. And get Samuel Carpenter, Edward Shippen, Isaac Norris, Phinehas Pemberton, Thomas Masters, and such persons, to be soft and kind and teaching; it will do wonders with him, and he is conquered that way. Pretends much to honour, and is but over-generous by half, and yet sharp enough to get to spend. All this keep to thyself. *Vale.*" The kind father's hope of secrecy was destroyed by the actions of his son on his arrival in the Province.

The father was kept in England by the danger of the supersession of the proprietary government by the crown. In 1702, William the Third died. Queen Anne, daughter of James the Second, and wife of Prince George of Denmark, succeeded him on the throne. Penn presented an address to her from the Friends, and was graciously received.

Colonel Quarry's opposition still troubled Penn. The Church of England people were disaffected to the Quaker governor. The Friends were losing their majority in numbers, and were not ready to serve in military affairs, and thus lost prestige. In 1702, Logan thought that, the city having over half the inhabitants of the Province, two-thirds were not Friends, but that the larger part of the country residents were members of that body, which made about an equal division of opinions in the whole Province. The Churchmen had been used to exclusive privileges in England, and wished more than equality here. They desired that Pennsylvania, like the Jerseys, should be made a royal province, and declared that they were persecuted. Penn considered this an unfounded accusation, and wished a paper signed to contradict it. Logan tried to get leading men to sign it, but without avail. They maintained that the clergy of the English Church should have the same standing as in the mother country.

The Proprietary considered the idea of selling his government to the Crown, accord-

ing to the advice of some of his good friends. Even Logan was ready to adopt this, if "good terms for thyself and thy people" could be secured. The faithful Secretary had a hard work to do, and the Governor a harder one; and the son William complicated matters greatly by his pecuniary demands. The father was kept in hot water. He settled a part of his Irish rents on William, and he was in debt, with a large interest to pay. He exhorts Logan to do all that he can in the trade in furs and skins, which he thinks more profitable than tobacco. His letters are a constant wail of real poverty in high station. He was indeed land-poor, and would have been happier if he had never heard of his costly and ungrateful province, where his son was heaping up his sorrows until, if he had not learned to seek the pitying grace of the all-loving God through His blessed Son, he would have been heart-poor as well as purse-poor.



New Albion.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee."

—William Cowper.

Penn's ideas were intensely English, and his plans for government, and for the sale of land, show this at every turn. In the Bermuda Islands the traveller can see the England of generations ago crystallized, and they may be said to be almost more English than the modern England of to-day in the home land. If steam, and the newspaper, and the endless inventions of modern life had not come to bless America, we might have been in a similar position now, especially if we had not broken the leading-strings which bound us to Old Albion with its white cliffs. It was natural to think of the new land as a repetition of the old one. When the young farmer takes a new place, he strives to follow his

good father's precepts in agriculture, the young bride carries on her household as her dear mother did, and tradition still rules the world; though its force is partly broken by the intense restlessness which stirs business by invention, and stimulates travel and the imitation of foreign countries.

In South Carolina, about Charleston, which had close water connection with England in early days, there lingered a touch of the grand and hospitable life of the English manor-house of old times; and in Virginia, along the James River, in those large plantation abodes, the life of early days on British soil was long repeated. The whole manor system which was developed here in Penn's day, and that of his descendants, was calculated to bring in a set of proprietors who, with their large holdings, would have been virtually like the English nobility, and the poor would have had slight chance for advancement.

The names of the manors are quite a history of national and family life. Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and Williamstadt have an eye toward Holland, the home of Penn's

affectionate mother, to whom deserved honor is given. The last-named tract was given to William Penn, Jr., and contained 7,482 acres. This was bought by Penn's friend, Isaac Norris, and Norristown and Norriton township preserve the memory of the transaction. Ruscombe refers to the English home of the Proprietary. Pennsbury, the Governor's own manor, had 8,431 acres within its wide bounds. Three Springettsburys loyally kept in memory the beloved first wife of Penn. One of these is marked as Springett Penn's property. The first surveys in Pennsylvania were not done with great care, and resurveys were sometimes needful; but when land was almost as free as water a few acres did not matter much. Springfield is assigned to Gulielma Maria Penn. Gulielma shows a fashion of Latinizing names. It would be equivalent to Williamette. Stoke Manor recalls the splendid Stoke Park, with its ancient church, supposed to be the scene of Gray's Elegy, which estate belonged to the Penn family in later days. It is near Windsor, and the Penns were friends of royalty. It has now

passed out of the hands of the family. Callowhill Manor was a memento of the faithful second wife of Penn, and a street in Philadelphia also bears her name. Fermor refers to the titled lady Julianna Fermor of the Penn family, who is also commemorated by a street in Easton. Letitia Aubrey's Manor brings in another family name in the case of the daughter of William Penn. Mount Joy Manor was also her property. Sir John Fagg's Manor, and Moreland Manor may be mentioned. The last was called from the English attorney, Nicholas Moore, who held high office in the Province under Penn. His Green Spring farm lay on the Comly Road, between Bustleton and Somerton. The two Morelands are named for him. He had a lockup, and was privileged to use punishment in the case of those under his employ. The manor-holders seem to have been like English justices of the peace.

Nicholas Moore had a daughter Mary, who brightens our page with a touch of romance. Not far from her father's abode lay the old Pennypack Baptist Church, which is now the oldest organization of that body in

Pennsylvania, the one at Cold Spring having passed away. Elias Keach, the son of a noted divine and author in England, came to this land, pretending to be a clergyman, when he had not been ordained, for a little amusing experience. He was preaching, and suddenly began to weep, and then informed his hearers of his deception. The Rev. Thomas Dungan, of Cold Spring, near Bristol, took the young man in charge, and he became an excellent clergyman. He married Mary Moore, and returned to London, where he was a useful minister of the Gospel. There were some of his descendants in this country.

While Penn gave his city a Scripture name, the divisions were of English origin. We find him lodging in the London Kensington, and Southwark perpetuates another noted part of London.

In 1704, William Penn, Jr., arrived in Philadelphia. Colonel Hamilton was dead. John Evans came with young Penn as Deputy-Governor. He was only twenty-six, but Penn, who was lenient in judging the character of those whom he loved, thought that this son of an old friend was "sober and

sensible," and ready to receive advice. These young men at first made a good impression in the colony; and Logan hoped for much from them. Samuel Preston thought Penn's son was like his father, and of a sweet temper and elegant speech, though he desired for him more of his father's zeal. The Indians came to Pennsbury to meet him, and Judge Mompesson and Logan also went to the interview. Logan writes that the son of Penn stayed at Pennsbury for the wedding of Clement Plumstead with Sarah Righton (formerly Biddle).

The English Church began to grow, and St. Mary's in Burlington, New Jersey, and St. Paul's, Chester, were the new-born sisters of old Christ Church, Philadelphia.

Young Penn was among those added to the Provincial Council by Governor Evans, but he attended little, as pleasure was his great aim. The Governor proved a boon-companion. Let us look in on the precious pair of rulers one night in a public house. They have imbibed more than they can master, and are the servants of strong drink.

"Take another glass of this Scotch whis-

key," cries Penn. "This is a fearfully dull town, anyhow. I wish the old gentleman would call me back to London, where there is some life. But let us get a little pleasure here."

The Governor was right willing to have as much liquor as his friend desired to pour out, and soon the hot blood is rising in their faces, and their speech grows thick and husky and foolish as the overcharged brain-cells are stupefied, and the head temporarily paralyzed.

Soon a sound is heard on the street. It is the watchman's rough voice, as he calls out, "Eleven o'clock, a starry night, and all's well."

The dignitaries hear the sound, and think it would be a fine joke to override their menial; so they shout out a drinking song. The guardian of the peace pauses in his quiet round, rubs his sleepy eyes, and looks at the house, knowing that the legal hour of closing has long passed. He enters, thinking some rude roysterers are violating the majesty of the law, and that his appearance will soon settle the matter.

The Governor and young Penn insolently demand his business. With old English pluck he replies, "You are breaking the law, and I arrest you."

"Impudent varlet," cries the Governor, "don't dare to lay your hand on me."

"That's right," cries William; "take that, you blackguard," and a sudden blow on the head fells the poor man to the floor, where a few extra kicks are given by the worthies, who are exercising the noble privilege of the abuse of power, as old a pleasure as the days of Roman emperors.

The Mayor and Recorder and one alderman were brought into the row, while tradition says that young Penn wanted pistols, but the lights were put out, and Alderman Wilcox, pretending not to know the Governor in the darkness, gave him a thrashing, making the blows stronger when he announced his dignity, as if he were slandering the true Governor by such an assertion. The case was brought to law, but the offenders could accomplish nothing, while the disgrace remained.

Young William Penn sold his manor of

Williamstadt to William Trent and Isaac Norris for £850. It contained seven thousand acres, and is now Norriton Township, in Montgomery County, and includes Norristown. The father wrote to Logan. "He is my greatest affliction, for his soul's and my country's and family's sake." The young man returned to trouble his good father in England, who blamed what he called "the bad Friends' treatment" of him. But it is hard for a father or the best of friends to know how to treat a reprobate, though mercy is ever a divine gift.

Colonel Quarry and David Lloyd were not in accord with the Proprietary, but Samuel Richardson, Nicholas Waln and Isaac Norris were attached to him.

Governor Samuel W. Pennypacker's exact pen has recorded a sketch of Richardson in his "Historical and Biographical Sketches." In 1686 he came from Jamaica, being a bricklayer, and bought 5,880 acres of land, and two large lots on High Street, now Market. He was a Friend, became a merchant, and owned all the north side of High Street, between Delaware River and Second

Street. When William Bradford, in A.D. 1688, undertook to publish a "house Bible" of large size, he and Samuel Carpenter were appointed to see that the subscriptions of this first American attempt of the kind were rightly applied.

Richardson was a provincial councillor. He had a plantation of 500 acres near Germantown, and owned horses, cattle and sheep. Pastorius's note-book states that his grandchildren could be sent to school for fourpence per week. There was a Friends' meeting at his house. His wife Elinor died, and he married again, and settled in the city. The country place was named Fairfield, and has been owned by the Copes, Harts and Garretts. It lies on the Old York Road. When Richardson was Alderman the new city was poor, and when a set of brass weights was needed, Griffith and John Jones were ordered by the Town Council to buy them at a cost of twelve pounds and twelve shillings. They gave their individual notes, and took an obligation from the corporation, which was often presented, but was not paid until the expiration of five years.

Joseph Richardson, a son of Samuel, married a daughter of John Bevan, and the wife of Mr. Bevan was Barbara Aubrey, the aunt of the William Aubrey who married Letitia Penn. The plantation at Fairfield was given to Joseph, son of Samuel Richardson, by his father. The eldest daughter of Joseph, named Mary, married William Hudson, one of the wealthiest of the early merchants in Philadelphia, who was mayor in 1725. He was related to the navigator, Henry Hudson. Ann was the wife of Edward Lane, of Providence Township, in Philadelphia County, and her second husband was Edmund Cartledge, of Conestoga, in Lancaster County. Elizabeth was married to Abraham Bickley, a rich merchant of Philadelphia. Some of the best known families in Eastern Pennsylvania are descended from this family.

Mrs. Elizabeth Drinker, whose Journal was edited by her descendant, Henry D. Biddle, dwelt at Fairfield in the summer time. The Drinker Journal is an interesting view of Philadelphia in Revolutionary and yellow-fever times, and is a pretty picture of the simplicity and hospitality and peace-loving

spirit of the early Friends of that day. The Drinkers lived at the corner of Front Street and Drinker's Alley.

Logan names Nicholas Waln, with Samuel Richardson, as "two or three good men." The first Nicholas Waln came over with Penn in the *Welcome*. "Lang Syne," William McKoy, is quoted in Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia" as speaking of the ministers among the early Friends thus: "James Pemberton, Nicholas Waln, Daniel Offley, Arthur Howell, William Savery and Thomas Scattergood were the then 'burning and shining lights.'" "Nicholas Waln appeared at all times with a smile of sunshine on his countenance." He was humorous, and when two aged females had certificates of removal passed in meeting, he artfully said in the women's meeting that they did not state, according to custom, whether they were clear of all marriage engagements, causing a general smile in the assembly. Although he was humorous, as a minister he was dignified, earnest and impressive. His oldest son was named William. "Waln Row" arose where his residence had been in the square between

Walnut and Chestnut and Seventh and Eighth Streets.

William Masters went to London, and claimed the hand of Letitia Penn, who declared that she had never been engaged to him. At a later day there was a marriage between the Penn and Masters families. A street in Philadelphia bears the name of the last-named family.

William Aubrey married Letitia. He was descended from Sir Reginald Aubrey, one of the Norman conquerors of Wales. The son-in-law proved a dear investment to Penn, and the mercenary claims of the son William and the new applicant nearly distracted the good man. Aubrey was a sharp merchant, and wished his wife's portion delivered more speedily than the father's means would permit. Penn wrote to Logan, "Both son and daughter clamour, she to quiet him that is a scraping man, and will count interest for a guinea;—this only to thyself: so that I would have thee fill his attorney's hands as full as thou canst." Logan found this difficult to do, and says he is "one of the keenest men living."

Government affairs still troubled Penn, but Deborah Logan claims that the free principles which he instituted in Pennsylvania had an effect on the whole of our country, and that posterity should be grateful for his noble work. The Middle and Southern States have not had due historical regard, because the historians of this land have been in large part New Englanders, and have naturally described their own affairs more minutely than those of other people.

Governor Evans strove to uphold Penn's interests in the Assembly. There was little money in the colony, the times were hard, and David Lloyd was a constant thorn in the side of the Proprietary. In 1705, Logan is pleased that a new Assembly contains what he thinks the best choice they have had, including Edward Shippen, S. Carpenter, Richard Hill and Caleb Pusey, members of Council, and "many more very good heads," as I. Norris, J. Growden, Rowland Ellis, R. Thomas and Richard Pyle, "very honest and pickt men."

Governor Evans's rule was irregular and unconstant. To bring a higher idea of the mil-

itary necessities, he pretended that a French fleet was coming to attack Philadelphia. The militia kept guard for two nights, people cast their goods into wells, women were made very ill, and many Friends fled; but the fraud only brought indignation and disgust on the head of the young and unwise governor. William Biles had said, "He is but a boy; he is not fit to govern us; we will kick him out," and the governor had had him imprisoned for it; but now the more prudent were displeased. Penn wrote advising Evans to act fairly, and there followed some improvement, but it came too late. The people could not pass over his arrogance and improper life. The Proprietary soon after selected Colonel Charles Gookin as a new governor.

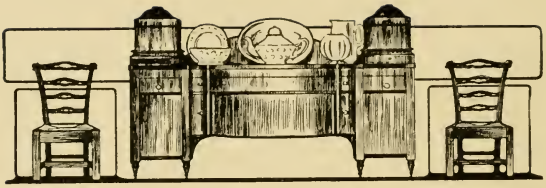
Philip Ford, in overclaims in property matters, was also giving Penn great trouble in England. He had Penn arrested on false charges, and we find the poor man again in prison in the Fleet, but he was cheerful in his misfortunes. He had good lodgings, was fairly comfortable, held meetings in the prison, and had visitors. The Fords asked in law to be put in possession of Pennsylvania.

and we may imagine the result if this fraudulent claim had been allowed. Penn was about nine months in the prison bounds. He still longed and hoped to return to his beloved Pennsylvania and to settle his children among those millions of broad and rich acres which had been the care and trouble of so many long years; but, like Virgil's bees, he was to make honey for others, but not for himself. He wrote to Friends in Pennsylvania concerning his "poor minors," that he wished to settle plantations for them; "for planters, God willing, they shall be in their father's country, rather than great merchants in their native land."

In all these afflictions Penn, like Job, maintained his integrity, and Janney properly quotes the applicable words of Isaac Norris concerning him, "God darkens the world to us that our eyes may behold the greater brightness of His kingdom."

Lieutenant-Governor Gookin reached the colony in 1709. He was the grandson of Sir Vincent Gookin, "an early planter in Ireland, in King James the First and King Charles's days." Penn says that he has an

excellent character, and intends to spend his life in Pennsylvania, "if not ill treated," and "to lay his bones, as well as substance, among you."



A Clever Little Town.

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

When the Provost of the Swedish Church, the Reverend Ericus Biorck, went from Christina, in Delaware, now known as Wilmington, to the small town where Pastor Rudman, who had selected him as his fellow-laborer, was conducting the work of *Gloria Dei*, or Old Swedes' Church, he records his visit thus: "We went up to Philadelphia, a clever little town," and Rudman's letter to Professor Jacob Arrhenius, at Upsal, styles it, "a clever town, built by Quakers," whose

"population is very thin and scattered, all along the river shore."

We also will go up again to the place where Penn says the eyes of Europe were turned in his day, and where they are still turned. One of the greatest of cities of the old world has just collected the curiosities of many lands, which have attracted crowds to behold them; as, years ago, the nations of the world walked through the streets of Philadelphia when a World's Fair drew their steps hitherward. The Europeans of Penn's time, finding their own lands in trouble, looked in this direction for peace and quiet, and wished for the blessings enjoyed here; and, with all our faults, we still prove a blessed haven of rest to the downtrodden and oppressed peoples of the old world.

In 1712, the Friends seem to have controlled the Assembly, as an act was passed "to prevent the importation of negroes and Indians into the province." However, the crown nefariously annulled this righteous law, as the British then desired to get riches by buying and selling the bodies and souls of

human beings, of a like flesh and blood with themselves.

Penn, in England, busied himself with religious meetings, and with writing on religious subjects. In 1710, he left the vicinity of London, and went to a pleasant country-seat at Ruscombe, where he spent the remainder of his days. Being in debt to the friends who aided him in the Ford trouble, and finding it difficult to govern his province, he determined to sell it to the crown, and years had passed in negotiations, according to the red-tape customs of ancient and modern times. The unsuitableness of his son William to succeed him in the rule of the colony may have been an additional motive to this action.

Still, he wished to keep up his "free colony for all mankind," and to carry on a government in accord with the principles of Christ. Janney claims that this ideal had been more nearly carried out in this case than in any other recorded instance; and the founder of Pennsylvania hoped that if peace came to Europe, he might abide in quiet happiness with his family at Pennsbury, and see

his plans perfected, while the evening of life passed calmly away. He also was anxious to secure liberty in religion for the Friends in Pennsylvania, and "political privileges for the people"; and his insisting on these things in negotiating with the cabinet delayed the contract for years. At last the terms with "our truly good queen," as he styles Queen Anne, were agreed upon, and the governor intended again to visit his dear Pennsylvania, like Jacob, to settle his "young sons and daughter upon good tracts of land."

"Man proposes, and God disposes," runs the wise French proverb. He had an attack of what Hannah Penn called a "lethargic illness," and a second attack came on suddenly, so that his hand was paralyzed as he was writing to Logan, and he could not finish the sentence. In this business letter he mentions the "mad, bullying treatment" he had received from his son-in-law, Aubrey, concerning money affairs, and that the need of funds for him had forced certain business action; and he gives as a cause "my son's tempestuous and most rude treatment of my wife and self, too." This refers to Aubrey.

The illness occurred at Bristol, where the father and mother of Hannah Callowhill had died. The invalid returned to Ruscombe, where a third attack came, and for six years he declined to the grave. His mind was broken, but his spiritual sense was alert, and his good wife called it " his translation." His heart still overflowed with love to God and to man. The wife was obliged to take up business matters, as William the younger " was, by his intemperate habits, rendered unworthy of trust, if not incapable of business."

Hannah Penn was an extraordinary woman, but she had to struggle with debt, an expensive family and colonial affairs, as the sickness of her husband stopped the sale to the crown, though Penn had received a thousand pounds as an advance payment. A young family to educate and a sick husband to care for kept her hand and heart busy. However, the colony became more prosperous. When peace returned, in 1713, she settled the mortgage, and complaints seldom came from Pennsylvania. Logan continued his faithful services, to his own pecuniary

RICHARD PENN, PROPRIETARY

loss. Governor Gookin was recalled, and Sir William Keith appointed in his place.

Penn died on the thirtieth of July, A.D. 1717, in his seventy-fourth year. Besse says, "His soul, prepared for a more glorious habitation, forsook the decayed tabernacle, which was committed to the earth on the fifth of the Sixth month (August) following, at Jordan's, in Buckinghamshire, where his former wife and several of his family had been before interred." A multitude of Friends and others attended the funeral, which was a very solemn one, as Story describes it, and the family, with the widow, lamented with many tears the loss of one of the best of men. The meetings of men and women Friends in America conveyed their condolence to the bereaved widow, and their testimony was grateful to her feelings. The Pennsylvania Indians sent her a message of sympathy and a present of "materials to form a garment of skins for traveling through a thorny wilderness," expressing by a symbol their sense of the troubles which lay before her, and their wish that she might safely pass through them.

The children of Hannah Penn were John, Thomas, Margaret, Richard and Dennis, and they were all minors. William Penn, Jr., claimed the government, as heir, but the claim was not allowed, and two years after the death of his father he died in France of consumption. On his death-bed he is said to have declared that he regretted the wrongs he had done. Hannah Penn held the government as executrix. Springett Penn, the son of William the younger, and the other heirs made a compromise, so that the will was made good. Hannah Penn died about 1727.

By William Penn's will the sons of his second wife, John, Thomas and Richard, were made Proprietaries of Pennsylvania, and it became a very valuable possession. In 1779, the Pennsylvania Legislature vested in the Commonwealth the family estate of the Penns in the soil, but gave the descendants of the Founder their private rights and "quitrents," and appropriated "130,000 pounds sterling" "to the representatives of Thomas and Richard Penn, the late Proprietaries," to compensate them. The British Government allowed the heirs 500,000

THOMAS PENN, PROPRIETARY

pounds. They claimed much more, but the Committee on Claims left the extra amount to the consideration of Parliament.

Penn's government left many a blessing to Pennsylvania. Education was early considered in his plans. The year after he landed the governor and council engaged Enoch Flower to open a school in Philadelphia, where "dyet, washing and schooling" were to cost ten pounds a year. A few years later a "Friends' Public School" arose. The poor were taught freely.

Three years after Penn came there was a printing press at work. William Bradford was the printer. In 1719, the first newspaper was started in the city, and the only other one in the colonies was in Boston. In 1683, Penn established a post-office.

Peter S. Duponceau, in a discourse before the American Philosophical Society, in 1821, quoted by Janney in his Life of Penn, says of the annals of Pennsylvania, "They exhibit none of those striking events which the vulgar mass of mankind consider as alone worthy of being transmitted to posterity. No ambitious rival warriors occupy the stage,

nor are strong emotions excited by the frequent description of scenes of blood, murder and devastation. But what country on earth ever presented such a spectacle as this fortunate commonwealth held out to view for the space of near one hundred years, realizing all that fable ever invented or poetry ever sang of an imaginary golden age. Happy country, whose unparalleled innocence already communicates to thy history the interest of romance! Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to reform their own vices by the fancied virtues of their forefathers. Pennsylvania once realized what never existed before, except in fabled story. Not that her citizens were entirely free from the passions of human nature, for they were men, and not angels; but it is certain that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace as was witnessed here during the first century of our social existence."

Edmund Burke said of the founder of

JOHN PENN, GOVERNOR

SON OF THOMAS

this great Province, "His name was cherished as a household word in the cottages of Wales and Ireland, and among the peasantry of Germany; and not a tenant of a wigwam, from the sea to the Susquehanna, doubted his integrity."

"His fame is now as wide as the world; he is one of the few who have gained abiding glory."

When William Penn died, Sir William Keith was the lieutenant-governor. The names of John, Thomas and Richard Penn appear afterward, with others, as rulers of the colony.

Keith deserves a passing notice. Graeme Park, not far from Hatboro, preserves the memory of its former distinguished owner. In the farmhouse of Abel Penrose on the place we saw a fine oil painting of Mrs. Fergusson, a descendant of Lady Keith. The picture was taken at from three to five years of age, and she died in 1800. The antique mansion near by could tell many a story of her troubled life if it could speak. The bunch of keys on a girdle, still kept, indicates how the

housekeeper, like the matrons of the South, dispensed her provisions to her household slaves during her short residence here. A bill of transfer marks the sale of the property by Keith to Thomas Graeme and Thomas Soher for five hundred pounds. Some human chattels are noted thus, "A negro man named William, and an Indian woman, his wife, named Jane; a boy, their child, named William; Mercury, and his wife Diana, and Cæsar." Let us be thankful that no such bills can be drawn to-day. Silver plate abounded, even candlestick and snuffers being made of that precious metal. The household goods were numerous, including "3 dozen of Rushy chairs." An iron chimney-plate is inscribed, "Remember thy end." It was formerly in the mansion, and placed in the chimney of the farm-house. It contains the coat of arms of the Governor.

Keith's ancestor was made a baronet in 1629. He was lieutenant-governor from 1717 to 1726. He lived here in state, as a few more items show: "6 large folding-tables of mahogany and black walnut, 8 smaller ditto, 1 mahogany tea-table, 12 fine tables of

different size, 3 fine India tea-tables, 2 Dutch ditto, 78 candle-molds, 20 pairs brass candlesticks, 2 jacks with weights, 12 venison pots." On a post of the house-yard is an immense stone, which tradition says that the Governor required his men to lift as high as the knee as a test of their fitness for his service.

The old stone hip-roofed mansion is interesting: near it is the fish-pond where Lady Fergusson used to feed the finny tribe. The fine chimneys and the long and narrow windows have an ancient look. Do they long for the beautiful faces that gazed out of them in the days long ago? The remains of the jail wall are visible. The servants' quarters were in a building which has departed. The high ceilings of the mansion are astonishing when its date is considered. The fine parlor is wainscoted with pine to the very ceiling. The fireplaces are antiques. It is said that tapestry once adorned the fine chamber over the parlor. The laths of the house were split with an axe.

Keith was a Scotchman, and a favorite in the colony. He seems to have inclined to the elder branch of the Penn family, though

the Proprietary in his will indicated that he thought them provided for by the Irish estate, and that the interest in Pennsylvania should go to his children by his second wife, Hannah Callowhill.

Keith's city abode was "the Shippen house," on the west side of Second Street, north of Spruce Street, called the "Great House," and the "Governor's House." It had a garden on two sides, where stood two tall trees of the primeval forest, a well-known landmark, visible for a great distance in every direction. William Penn once resided there with his suite for a month. The veteran local historian, William J. Buck, has an interesting article on Graeme Park in Bean's valuable "History of Montgomery County." A picture of Keith hangs in the rooms of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, with a wig, long curls, and a coat of mail, a ruffle about his neck, and an ermine robe thrown over one shoulder.

Keith had been Surveyor of Customs in the Carolinas. He encouraged the issue of paper currency, and laid the foundation of the militia system. He published a "History

of Virginia"; but he finally died neglected and poor in London, in 1749. Lady Keith died in Philadelphia. Keith favored the building of roads about Graeme Park, where he lived after he lost his governorship. He gave the place to his wife, and she sold it to Joseph Turner, who sold it to Dr. Thomas Graeme, a physician of note in Philadelphia, and the son-in-law of Lady Keith, having married the daughter of her first husband. Keith built a pew in Christ Church, Philadelphia, known as the Governor's pew.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fergusson was a poetess. She bore to General Reed an offer of emolument if he would use his influence to settle amicably the differences between England and the colonies. Reed replied that the King was not rich enough to buy him. Mrs. Fergusson professed to be shocked by the proposal, and may, in troublous times, have been at a loss how to act. She seems to have been devoted to the interests of the American cause. Her husband was Scotch, was accused of treason, and returned to the old country. The wife, who was a daughter of Dr. Graeme, led a benevolent life at Graeme Park, and

was beloved by all. She sold the remainder of the estate to Dr. William Smith, of Philadelphia, who married her niece, Anna Young. A large glass coach—that is, a coach with glass windows—used to carry the residents of the Park around the country, and in those days it doubtless attracted much attention.

Mrs. Fergusson went to England, and was introduced into high circles there by the Reverend Dr. Peters, rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia. She was presented to George the Third, who gave her particular notice. In Philadelphia, she used to hold pleasant receptions in winter. It is said that she gave army linen and other materials of her own raising for the needy when the American army lay at Whitemarsh, and it is reported that Washington sent her a letter of thanks. Mrs. Fergusson translated Telemachus into English verse. The manuscript is in the Philadelphia Library. This good lady wrote out the whole Bible to impress it on her memory.

General Lacy had his headquarters at Graeme Park in the Revolution, and at vari-

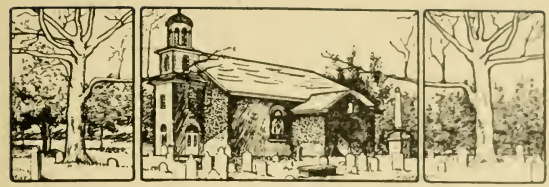
ous times Thomas and John Penn, Bishop White, Andrew Hamilton, Francis Hopkinson, Richard Stockton and the Reverend Nathaniel Evans were entertained there.

Mrs. Fergusson assisted the Reverend Dr. William Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, in editing the poems of the Reverend Nathaniel Evans, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, a missionary of the English Society for Propagating the Gospel, serving at Gloucester and at St. Mary's, Colestown. She wrote a poem on the death of this clergyman, who had addressed poetic lines to her. The poems of Mr. Evans are in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Various governors followed in order, and the Penns took their turn in the care of the Province, until at last, after the Revolution changed the old order of things, and the colony emerged from its swaddling-bands, in the new order it was styled the Keystone in the great arch of the thirteen original States, which by successive additions won from the wilderness became the forty-five that now constitute our union.

It is well for a man sometimes to consider

his cradle, and the weakness of his infantile years, that he may be properly thankful to God for the increased powers of manhood, and may also be ready to feel the responsibilities that come with the advance of opportunities. A city of a million people where a few generations ago a handful of poor settlers lived among forests and savages, should inspire to hearty work for further advances as well as to songs of praise for what has been achieved.



Nova Suabia.

"Against the strand beats wild the flood,
No bird's sweet voice is sounding,
Night's mantle covers all the wood,
The eye sees nought surrounding."

—*Swedish Song, "Disappointed Expectation," translated by* Clara Kappey.

Little Sweden, on the Scandinavian peninsula, sent her sturdy northern people to this new land to make a home in the wild wilderness. The Delaware River received them cordially, and both Pennsylvania and Delaware owe much to their early work, while many families are proud to trace their origin to so noble a source. Among their native fiords and islets they had been used to water craft, and they ran along the streams of the Delaware and Schuylkill, and their tributary creeks, as if they had been wild-fowl. The river banks seemed to them a paradise when compared with the snow-clad hills which they had left in the home land.

Fishing was no new occupation for the Swede, and his gun and his hook made the water and the air his servants to furnish him needed food. The keeping of cattle was his natural work. His tastes were simple. He had a quiet energy, and was content with little, as luxury was hardly known in his native land. His wooden shoes now trod the sands of Delaware and New Jersey, and the new town of Philadelphia.

While now the only colony which Sweden has is St. Bartholomew's, in the West Indies, in the early days of America she tried her hand in the new world, and had a brief rule here. But in the change of governments her few and quiet people made little trouble, and readily adapted themselves to whatever lot the good Lord assigned them.

They brought with them their established Lutheran Church, and Provosts to take the place of the Bishops who bore rule in the mother-country; and so Odin and the monk Ansgar found admirers on a fresh soil. A generation before the emigration hitherward the brilliant reign of Charles the Tenth had given Sweden a new glory. Charles the

Eleventh married Ulrica, the child of a King of Denmark, and her name shines out brilliantly in the beginning of Pennsylvania, in the region styled "Nova Suabia," or New Sweden.

Finland, or the Lake region, sent out her contingent to America, and, as it is believed that the Northmen discovered this continent ages ago, now, by a sort of re-discovery, they utilized it. The Finns exchanged their rocks for sandy and fertile plains. Their heavy rains, long winters and months of darkness were replaced by a sunny land, where the soil tickled by the hoe laughed with a harvest. The reindeer gave way to the useful cow and the patient horse. St. Eric, centuries before, had stopped the piracies of these wild Northmen, and taught them the better Christian life. Sweden and Russia contended for the hands and hearts of the Finns, but Sweden won the mastery. The Lutheran religion bound the two nations together in a common faith, and this bright and active people gave their quota in making up the blood and sinew of our new province.

Let us look in on one of the Swedish

homes in the native land. It is in Katharineholm. Eric Ericsson sits in his little house on a snowy winter evening, hugging his blazing fire. His wife and children are round about him. A form is dimly seen in the fast-falling snow approaching the house, and soon Karl Winstrup is at the door.

"Come in, neighbor; you are most welcome," says the hospitable Eric.

Karl enters, and shakes the gathered snow from his overgarment of skins. He takes the seat which the eldest son, Knud, has placed near the fire.

"What brings you out this stormy night?" exclaimed the host; to which the guest replied: "Why need we talk of storms? We have nothing else. My ancestors have spent their days here hearing the winds blow, and fishing for food to keep them alive. But I have heard of a fair land where some of my kinsmen are going to make a new home across the wide sea. Shall we not join them?"

Then there followed a long talk, running into the small hours of the night, in which the old friends reviewed the trials of their own country, and the flaming hopes of the

new one, where pain and sorrow they hoped would be unknown, and gentle woman added her voice to that of the proposed emigrant, as Margaret the mother pleaded that she and her children might find a brighter home in the golden West.

Before the company separated the die was cast, and in due time the united families, with many a friend and neighbor, were sailing over the main to the land of hope. Their descendants still abide in the fruitful fields which conquered the imaginations of their forefathers, and still the stream of Northern emigration flows rapidly on, and the western prairies are dotted with the strange dwellings which repeat the habitations of the home region.

"The Annals of the Swedes on the Delaware," by the Reverend Dr. Jehu Curtis Clay, rector of Gloria Dei Church, Philadelphia, shows the story of this race on our borders. We will glean from it. The author was of Swedish descent on his mother's side.

Thomas Campanius, a grandson of the Reverend John Campanius, who came as the chaplain of Governor Printz, in A.D. 1642,

the Reverend Israel Acrelius, the Provost of the Swedish churches in this country, and pastor of Christina church, at Wilmington, Delaware, and Andreas Rudman, also furnish us valuable information concerning these matters.

The church of Gloria Dei, at Wicaco, now Philadelphia, is one of the oldest sacred buildings in the land in which Divine Service is still maintained. The Church of the Holy Trinity, at Wilmington, is, however, one year older.

The Dutch were the first settlers on the Jersey shore of the Delaware, and it is supposed that the Swedes first occupied the Pennsylvania side of the river. In 1623 or 1624, the Dutch erected Fort Nassau, at Gloucester, in New Jersey, but they soon gave up the post. A later colony of De Vries, on the Delaware, was murdered by Indians. Acrelius dates the coming of the first Swedish colony in 1638. In 1636-37, Queen Christina's Prime Minister, Oxenstiern, favored a plan for colonization, and the Queen was pleased to accept it. The Indians sold the Swedes the territory from Cape Henlopen to

Trenton Falls. The colonists settled at Christina, naming their fort and the creek after their Queen. In 1642, Lieutenant-Colonel John Printz, the son of a Swedish clergyman, was sent over as a Swedish governor. He was ordered to treat the Indians humanely, and to strive to Christianize them. Tinicum was the Governor's residence. There he built a fort, and called it New Gottenberg. A wooden church was also built and consecrated by Campanius, in A.D. 1646.

At first the Swedes opposed the building of Philadelphia, but afterward agreed to it. Penn sent them books and catechisms, and a Bible for the church. The Reverend Jacob Fabritius served the church of Gloria Dei, at Wicaco, for nine years after he became blind. He preached in Dutch, which the Swedes understood. By the aid of John Thelin, postmaster at Gottenberg, in Sweden, Dr. Olaus Suebilius, Archbishop of Upsal, was authorized by Charles the Eleventh to send two clergymen to the Swedes on the Delaware. A third was afterwards added, and Andrew Rudman, Eric Biork and Jonas

Auren came to their distant brethren, and were received with joyful tears. The old block-house at Wicaco was used as a church.

Biork writes to the Right Reverend Israel Kolmoden, from Christina Creek, in 1697, reporting to him as Superintendent that the Swedes are well clad and fed, and that the country has "no poor," as the land is rich, and those who will toil need not want.

The Indians were friendly, and called the Swedes "their own people." They were fond of learning the Catechism, which had been printed in their tongue, and engaged the faithful lay-reader, Charles Springer, to teach it to their children.

The parsonage at Wicaco was near Point Breeze. Some of the people would walk or ride sixteen miles to church, and yet attend the service regularly. They looked on their clergy "as if they were angels from heaven." The Swedes preserved their own language, and some were employed in the mild government of Penn. There were some Welshmen and Frenchmen in the colony.

At the dedication of Gloria Dei Church it is mentioned that "there were a great

many English persons and others present from Philadelphia," and Mr. Biork summarized his discourse for them in English. Philadelphia was then at a distance from the church, and the date was 1700. The English wondered at the work of the comparatively poor Swedes in building two such goodly churches as those at Wicaco and Christina. Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, and Governor Blackstone, of Virginia, visited them, with their suites. Nicholson was a "great patron" of the Swedes. The ancient font, and the cherubs on the gallery, with the representation of the Bible underneath them, and the quotation from Isaiah about the people who walked in darkness seeing "a great light," and the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest," are pleasant mementoes still of early days in Gloria Dei Church.

Charles the Twelfth sent the Swedes Bibles and prayer books, and some other religious books. Dr. Jesper Swedberg, Bishop of Skara, was superintendent of the Swedish missions. He presented some of his

Psalm books, versifications of the Psalms, by himself, to them.

When Christ Church was enlarged the congregation worshiped three Sundays in Gloria Dei Church, and a Swedish hymn was sung at the English service. The Swedish clergy used to officiate for the English churches.

In 1730, when the Rev. Mr. Lidman returned to Sweden, he took back to the King and Bishop Swedberg "some articles of peltry, as marks of gratitude for the favors received." Such simple gifts must have been welcome to the recipients, and the parson was wise in suggesting them.

The Rev. Mr. Dylander seems to have been a sweet musician, who delighted his flock, and he is buried under the chancel of Gloria Dei Church, with this epitaph:

"While here he sang his Maker's praise,
The listening angels heard his song,
And called their consort soul away,
Pleased with a strain so like their own.

"His soul, attentive to the call,
And quickly listening to obey,
Soared to ethereal scenes of bliss,
Too pure to dwell in grosser clay."

This clergyman died at the early age of thirty-two.

Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, is buried in the graveyard of Gloria Dei Church.

In 1758, the Swedes, in applying for a new minister from the home land, request that he may occasionally preach in English, as Swedes and English are so intermingled that it is necessary that religious instruction should be given in both languages. So we see the advance of the English influence over the earlier settlers. The Reverend Charles Magnus Wrangel was so popular a Swedish clergyman that he was usually forced to preach in the open air, by reason of the crowds that attended his ministry.

The last of the Swedish clergy made a strong impression upon the people of Philadelphia on account of his quaint and humorous character. It was the Reverend Dr. Nicholas Collin. He had charge of the church at Swedesborough, New Jersey, and also of Gloria Dei, and the churches connected with it, for forty-five years. "He married three thousand three hundred and

seventy-five couples, averaging about eighty-four couples a year. In the early part of his ministry it averaged much more than this. The number of couples married by him in 1795 was one hundred and ninety-nine, and in the following year one hundred and seventy-nine." He was learned in the languages, and was a Vice-President of the American Philosophical Society. He died in 1831, in his eighty-seventh year. This clergyman wrote an account of the Swedish Mission in the records of the Swedesborough church. He states that the first Swedish colony came here in 1634, and three or four other detachments followed up to 1654.

A little romance appears in the fact that the Swedish clergyman, Professor Kalm, a well-known writer on American affairs in early times, traveled through North America, by the order of the King of Sweden, spent a winter at Raccoon, now Swedesborough, and married the widow of the Reverend John Sandin.

When the time came for the Swedish missions to break from the fostering care of the mother country, and stand alone, the

Archbishop of Sweden wrote them a letter, in which he beautifully says, "It shall also ever be my sincere wish and ardent prayer that Almighty God may, with His grace and mercies, embrace the members of these congregations jointly and separately, and that the Gospel light which was first kindled in those parts by the tender solicitude of Swedish kings, and the zeal of Swedish clergymen, may there, while days are numbered, shine with perfect brightness, and produce the most salutary fruits."

Thus did Uno Von Troil, with added words of benediction, set the mission forward on its new life in the young republic. Thousands of pounds were spent by Sweden in nourishing the parishes along the Delaware River and in its vicinity. The final breaking of the connection at Wicaco did not, however, come until years after this period, when the last Swedish missionary, Dr. Collin, died. In A.D. 1831, an American Episcopal clergyman, the Reverend Dr. Jehu Curtis Clay, became Rector, and Gloria Dei and the other ancient Swedish churches

in Delaware and New Jersey are now connected with the Episcopal Church.

The Swedish mission lasted over one hundred and thirty years. Dr. Collin had used the Episcopal Prayer Book, and his assistant ministers had been clergy of the Episcopal Church.

Gloria Dei is the oldest church in Pennsylvania, and those who go abroad to see the sacred antiquities of the old world should not omit a visit to this sacred shrine in "God's Acre," where the dead of the earliest time are sweetly and piously cared for in their green graves, and a touch of country life is seen in the midst of the rush of city business.

Much has been here said of the religious life of the Swedes, and we can perceive by their history that these quiet people delighted in it, and felt it to be the chief part of their earthly existence. One of their clergy used to catechise the people personally in their pews on Sunday afternoons, as to what they had learned from the morning sermon. This would be thought irksome today; but, as Theology is the Queen of the

sciences, it would be well if all adults were thus carefully instructed.

Arthur Peterson, in his "Songs of New Sweden," thus paints Swedish-American church life:

"Six days labored the folk, but when rose the sun of the Sabbath,
Rifle and plough were dropped, and the wheel stood still in its corner.
Then, from near and from far, to the churches three of the province,
One at Tinicum, one at Wicaco, one at Christina,
Gathered the congregations, God-fearing men and their households."

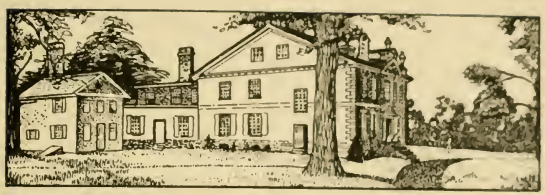
The picturesque costumes of the Swedish maidens and farmers brightened the new land.

Longfellow, in "The Children of the Lord's Supper," has beautifully described the First Communion as celebrated in Sweden.

The rowing of the boats to the Wicaco church was a picturesque scene, as fathers and mothers, children and sweethearts, disembarked to enter the temple of God, and after service the groups assembled in the church-yard to talk over the last news from the dear homeland.

The weddings in the church, with the crown placed on the head of the happy bride, were beautiful to see.

At Christmas time, the feeding of the birds showed the kind hearts of those who knew that in a cold winter it was needful to aid all of God's creatures. In Sweden, on Christmas morning, torches which lighted the hills were carried in front of the worshipers going to the early service. Each home had its Christmas tree. Good Friday ever repeated its tale of sadness, while on Ascension Day Skara students sang Psalms at the rising of the sun on the church balcony, and wind-instruments accompanied them. In the new land the ancient civil and religious customs were observed, as far as possible.



Germania.

"Hail to posterity!
Hail future men of Germanopolis!
Let the young generations yet to be
Look kindly upon this.
Think how your fathers left their native land,—
Dear German land! O sacred hearths and homes!!
And where the wild beast roams
In patience planned
New forest homes beyond the mighty sea,
There, undisturbed and free,
To live as brothers of one family."

—*From the Latin of* F. D. Pastorius.
Whittier's *translation.*

Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker and Townsend Ward have well wrought out the history of the ancient suburb of Germantown, and I have myself striven in a large volume to condense and continue the most faithful work of Ward. Here we may give a short account of one of the most interesting features of the early settlement of Philadelphia.

Gabriel Thomas's description of Philadelphia, and the whole Province of Pennsylva-

nia, appeared in A.D. 1698. He speaks of the "very good paper," the "very fine linen," and other manufactures of the German people.

The drawing of lots took place in the cave of Pastorius, in Philadelphia, in October, A.D. 1683. We can see the emigrants as they sit in the rude abode, laying off the land in the narrow strips which were the customary divisions of their native land. An October rain is drizzling down, and portions of the water are dripping in upon them, but these men who have borne the dangers of the sea to find a new home, are not discouraged by trifles. When the agent of the Frankfort Land Company draws out his chart the three Up den Graffs, brothers from Crefeld, and Tones Kunders, that is, Dennis Conrad, and the rest of the fourteen families, who, with their servants, were to constitute the new settlement, were represented by their heads, who thoughtfully scanned the mysterious lines on the paper which indicated the future house lots, the garden spots and yards, and the little farms where they would abide through life, and

which would be bequeathed to their offspring.

Said Dirck Up den Graff, "Friends and future neighbors, this is a great day with us. I well remember when I first thought of this great enterprise. I was living, as you know, in Crefeld, where the silk and velvet manufactures of Prussia are established, and was engaged in the silk trade, but war seemed never to hold back her cruel and bloody hand. My business grew poor, as the trade with foreign lands was halted. A beautiful young man named William Penn came among us on a religious visit, and so charmed the people that they wished him to abide among them, but he passed on in his missionary work. Then we heard a few years later that he had obtained a wide land in the West, and an account was sent us of a fair country where war should be unknown, and the rights of property should be duly observed.

"One Christmas Eve I sat with my dear wife Gretchen before the fireplace and talked of the sweet days of our early life, the courtship, and the newly-married days, the births of our children and our deep anxiety for

their future welfare. They were then resting in their quiet beds in the upper and lower attics, in the chambers borrowed from the roof, and the Christmas presents of good St. Nicholas had been distributed near their beds, that their waking shouts of joy might gladden our parental ears. We had been around among the poor that day bearing tokens of goodwill in food, delicacies and confections, and we were now trying in our simple way to dimly realize the reflection of the glory and praise of the heavenly angels two thousand years ago over the plains of Bethlehem, when heaven talked with earth, and the Lord Christ came to bless all mankind.

"But our hearts would still return to the earthly future of our dear ones, and we conversed far into the night, until, I think by the direction of the Spirit of God, we determined to leave the old roof-tree, and seek a new home and new fortunes in a land of peace and plenty, where the future would shine brightly upon our descendants. I sold my interests in my silk mill, persuaded my dear brothers to join our company, and here

we are. We have had temporary dwelling-places by the kindness of our new neighbors, but the winter draws on. We must have permanent abodes, and arrange for planting our new tracts of virgin soil in the Spring. I am glad that our friend Pastorius is now ready to make good the promise made before we sailed as to the division of our lands. Let us proceed to business, and may God be with us, as He has been with our fathers. May He who determines the bounds of men's habitations bless our undertaking."

This pious speech pleased the assembly. The lots were assigned as was fair and lawful; and so they stood for generations.

The tanners of the old country found new work here, where each individual could enjoy the profit of his own toil. The stocking-makers went to work with a will, and their reputation and sales went far and wide.

Krisheim, Crefeld and Summerhausen, where Pastorius was born, were perpetuated in the names of the different sections of Germantown, and Lenart Arets, Reynier Tyson, Willem Strypers, Jan (John) Lensen, Peter Keurlis, Jan Seimens, Johannes (John)

Bleikers, Abraham Tunes, and Jan Lucken (now Lukens), made a settlement which is now well known over all this land as one of the finest suburbs in the world, with its beautiful homes, shaded trees, artistic churches, and rustic drives along the wooded and winding Wissahickon, whose name mingles sweetly with the old German names, keeping up the story of the times when German and Indian lived in amity in the days of William Penn.

Little did the quiet German think, as he tilled his field, or worked patiently in his little factory, that in after years the countrymen of Penn would be fighting the Quakers and others in that very town, that the streets would be reddened by English blood; and that the old Chew House would stand for generations to mark the scene of the conflict.

It is a pity that the old German names of Crefeld for Mount Airy, and Summerhausen for Chestnut Hill, were not retained to preserve the relation of Germany to America. Pastorius sometimes called Germantown, Germanopolis.

At the first, huts and caves sheltered the Germans. Germantown Road, or Main Street, was the backbone of the ancient village. The Wisters, the Shoemakers, Melchior Meng, Kreyter, Bockius, Kurtz, and Peter Smith were early land-owners.

Tree life has its history, and the tree is loved by its owner. Thoreau once said that he had an appointment to meet a tree, as if it had been a human friend. James Matthews built the springhouse on the Wister place, and planted a willow switch by the side of it, which soon grew so large as to shade the sun-dial, which he had placed on a post near it. The old-fashioned dignity of the Wister House, in Vernon Park, on Main Street, near Chelten Avenue (now the Free Library), and of many another in Germantown, gave a solid look to the place; and the strength of the stone walls made these dwellings equal to any in the United States in later times than those of which we have been treating.

An Indian path is supposed to have been the first mode of communication between Germantown and Philadelphia. Watson says

that A. Cook told Jacob Keyser that he could remember Germantown Avenue as an Indian footpath through laurel bushes. Now Second Street and Germantown Avenue may be considered as a continuously built-up street for thirteen miles to Chestnut Hill, being "one of the greatest avenues of any city in the world."

The old Norris estate was at Fair Hill. The Rising Sun Inn was a famed hostelry in its time. Nicetown bears the name of an old family, which was originally called De Nyce.

Louis Clapier, who owned Fern Hill, west of Wayne Junction Station, ought to be remembered for one practical saying of a charitable nature. When a poor woman's house was burned, he said, "Ah! gentlemen, I pity her fifty dollars, how much do you?" He led nine others to give the like amount.

The Lower Burying Ground consists of a half acre, given by Jan Streepers of Holland. The Reverend Christian Post, missionary to the aborigines of North and Central America, was buried here in 1785. William Hood provided by will for the massive front wall.

He is buried here, and the place has been called "Hood's Cemetery."

Fisher's lane recalls the fact that Joshua Fisher had a line of packet ships between Philadelphia and London before the Revolution. His son Thomas is commemorated in the lane. He was captured at sea, and carried into Spain as a prisoner, but on his return joined his father and brother in the shipping business. He married Sarah, a daughter of William Logan. They built Wakefield, so called after the residence of the maternal ancestor of Mr. Fisher, Joshua Maud, in the English Yorkshire.

The Reverend Peter Kalm, the Swedish traveler, describes Germantown in 1748. "Most of the houses," he says, "were built of the same stone, which is mixed with glimmer." Several houses, however, were made of brick. The town had three churches, one for the Lutherans, another for the Reformed Protestants, and the third for the Quakers. The inhabitants were so numerous that the street was always full. The Baptists had likewise a meeting-house.

Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist,

walking to Niagara, passed Germantown, and thus writes in his poem, the " Foresters " :

> " Till through old Germantown we lightly trod;
> That skirts for three long miles the narrow road,
> And rising Chestnut Hill around surveyed,
> Wide woods below in vast extent displayed."

A noted New York architect once said that the masonry of Germantown was the best in the United States.

Christopher Saur has made Germantown illustrious. In 1724, he came to the place. He was born in Westphalia, and was a Dunkard preacher. He printed the Bible in German forty years before it was printed in English in this country. He pitied emigrants, and was the means of establishing the Lazaretto. His son Christopher succeeded him in the printing work, and issued a second edition of the Bible. He afterwards built a paper mill, and published a third edition of the Bible.

Wister's Big House is opposite Indian Queen Lane, and was built by John Wister, in 1744, as a summer residence. Here General Agnew died. The grand-daughter of

John Wister wrote "Sally Wister's Journal."

The workers in yarn in Germantown wrought so faithfully, that "Germantown Wool" denoted the best article of the kind, wherever made, throughout the United States, as Ward relates. The Moravian Endt, and the Palatine, the Reverend John Bechtel, whose daughter married the Indian missionary Buttner; John Stephen Benezet, and Count Zinzendorf, who boarded with Bechtel, illustrate our page as a list of Germantown worthies. Three mechanics named Fleckenstein deserve notice for their quaint lives. The first two used to do jobs at three cents each, no matter how long the work employed them. The third, named Frederick, tried the same plan, but the war forced him up to five cents. Still they were content and happy. The one last named told Alexander Henry that he never went into the city. He was fond of botany and mineralogy.

A Frenchman, Marie Roset, gave the name to Manheim Street, "in honor of the beauty of the young ladies of Manheim, in Germany." When he came from Austria to

this country, attracted by Washington's character, he landed in Philadelphia, and with some companions met Washington, who greeted him thus: "*Bien venu en Amerique,*" which pleased Roset greatly.

Trinity Lutheran Church, the old Friends' Meeting-house, and St. Luke's Episcopal Church, show that religion was not neglected in the earlier or latter days of Germantown. The Deshler-Washington-Morris House has reminiscences of Washington and his wife that are most interesting. The Presbyterian Church on Market Square has a long history. The site was obtained, in 1732, by the "High Dutch Reformed Congregation." Here Count Zinzendorf preached his first and also his last sermon in America. Washington worshiped here when the preaching was in English, occasionally by the Reverend Dr. William Smith, the Provost of the College of Philadelphia. The Doctor was an eminent Episcopal clergyman, but the General seems also to have attended the German service, though he was himself an Episcopalian. The church has been rebuilt. Market Square was formerly called "The

Green." Here visiting Indians used to take their meals.

Townsend Ward found a romance in the old Germantown half-door, as follows: "When evening closed and night had come, some pretty Gretchen, with her neat cap and short sleeves, leaned over the door at her accustomed place, and listened to the honey-vows of her lover Hermann, who stole her heart as he sat upon the doorstep, his life divided between his love for her and for his pipe, a puff for the one and a sigh for the other."

When John David Schoepf traveled in the United States, in 1783-4, he spent a night at Chestnut Hill, where he wrote, "There are two or three inns, besides some other dwellings."

Chelten Avenue recalls the English Cheltenham, which is named for the river Chilt.

Rittenhouse Street, formerly "lane," perpetuates the memory of the famous family, which included the early paper-makers, and the astronomer, David Rittenhouse.

The small stone Mennonite Church dates

its organization away back to A.D. 1683. It was the first of that denomination in America. A log building was first erected, in which Christopher Dock taught a school.

The Johnson houses are reminders of the Battle of Germantown. Splintered doors and bullet-holes tell a sad tale of the fight. Peter Keyser, the well-known Dunkard minister, lived in Ellwood Johnson's house. He may be compared to Dr. Collin, of Gloria Dei Church, as a type of the old-time parson. The Concord School House and the Upper Burying Ground, standing together, repeat the old story of young life, and the quiet end of life's joys and sorrows. The Rodney House brings up the revered name of an Episcopal clergyman, who long did a good work for the Lord in this suburb, as rector of St. Luke's Church.

Around the old Dunkard Church, in a pleasant cemetery, lie the dead of many generations.

Francis Daniel Pastorius must ever be associated with the history of Germantown. He left a manuscript book entitled "The Beehive," which is written in seven different

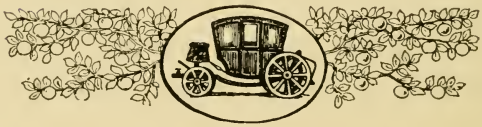
languages. I have seen the remarkable volume, then in the possession of Mrs. Washington Pastorius. It was written for the instruction of the sons of Pastorius.

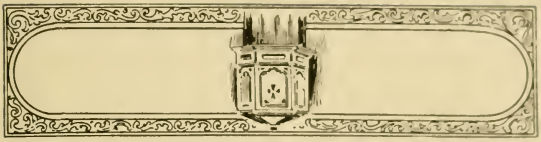
Germantown was once selected as the capital of the United States. It is said that the influence of the financier, Robert Morris, brought the seat of government to Philadelphia.

We must resume our brief sketch, pass old St. Michael's Lutheran Church, and go on to Chestnut Hill, remembering that while in the old times there was much opposition among the old folks when the younger ones wished that the preaching should be in English, there are now not more than one or two churches in Germantown where the German language is used.

We reach the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mount Airy, where Franklin B. Gowen's father once resided. Chief-Justice William Allen formerly had his home here. This great merchant had a coach with four black horses, and his English coachman was an accomplished driver. Charles P. Keith gives an account of him in his "Provincial

Councillors of Pennsylvania." He was "perhaps the richest man in Pennsylvania." We can imagine the heads crowding the country windows when his fine coach rolled over the country roads, and the envy of the drivers, as they watched the motions of the foreign Jehu. The country-seat of Chief-Justice Allen afterward became Mount Airy College.





The Aftermath.

"The magic bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal forth for me their old melodious chime;
So doth my heart pour forth a changeful ditty,
Both sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

"The domes and towers and castles, fancy-builded,
There lie untouched by daylight's garish beams,
And wrapped in gloom until unveiled and gilded
With fleeting glory by my nightly dreams."

—Wilhelm Mueller, *translated by*
James C. Mangan.

The aftermath, or second crop of grass, on a farm is a matter of some consideration to the wise farmer.

In our Western settlements it is observable that the first comers are not those who obtain the greatest benefits. By their enterprise and self-denying work they prepare the way for their successors, and in the hurry and rush of modern American life their very names are lost as the sea of time floats them rapidly down to the ocean of oblivion. Of late there is an improvement in this respect.

The Sons and the Daughters of the Revolution, and kindred societies, are looking backward, and striving to keep alive the flames of patriotism and the love of family.

The coming of William Penn to this province may well be compared to the advent of William the Conqueror in England, and it is not to be a matter of wonder that the descendants of those who came previous to him and with him, and also those who came in the fifty vessels that ploughed the uncertain main in the following year, should feel a natural pride in ancestors who displayed so much bravery in their voyage, and in the great discomforts and hardships of early settlement in a savage and uncultivated land.

When Penn landed in Philadelphia, there was not a fine house within it. In the early days of this new country it became the largest town in the provinces, and was the capital of the young republic. Then New York pressed past it, and took away its first place in population; and now pert young Chicago, on her Western throne on the Lake, has presumed to outnumber Philadelphia in her rapid race for distinction, giving a his-

tory of progress perhaps unexampled in the world.

However, the history of Penn and his colony is by no means to be measured by standards of wealth and population, for silent and unknown influences, like light and heat, permeate space, and alter all things. Good words and noble deeds cannot die. The old State House bell that rang out to proclaim liberty was heard over the world, and is yet resounding in far-off lands, where tyrants tremble on their thrones as they hear its tones declaring the freedom of man.

When the wife of Governor Thomas Lloyd, as she landed, knelt down and prayed for the blessing of God on the infant colony, her prayer gained the blessing of peace and prosperity.

The city that had not a lawyer, and lacked even a physician, is now famed for its law schools and medical colleges, its practising jurists, and its eminent physicians.

When Penn returned after his last visit to Pennsylvania he left one building in the town which must not be neglected. Old Christ Church was built by the adherents of

the Church of England under the ministry of the Reverend Thomas Clayton, in A.D. 1695. In 1698 we find the Reverend Evan Evans in this post acting as a most zealous missionary, and reaching out to Marcus Hook (Chichester), Chester, Concord, Montgomery, Radnor and Perkiomen. His good work should be remembered in those places in all coming time. Penn wrote to Logan that Governor Gookin had presented "Parson Evans with two gaudy, costly prayer-books as any in the Queen's chapel, and intends as fine a communion table also; both which charms the Bishop of London as well as Parson Evans, whom I esteem."

Queen Anne also made the church a present of church plate, which is still held. She was very kind in sending such sacred presents to the colonies of America. The present rector, the Reverend Dr. C. Ellis Stevens, has of late examined the foundations of the old church building under the present structure. In the present building Washington and Franklin worshiped, and underneath the chancel lie the remains of the ever venerated Bishop William White, who was once the

rector of this parish, in connection with the associated churches of St. Peter's and St. James.

The young Friends used to come and listen at the windows outside the little building which was the first edifice of Christ Church, and since the days when Quaker and Churchman had such warm conflicts in old Philadelphia many of the Friends and their descendants have become most welcome adherents of the Episcopal Church, bringing with them the kind philanthropy and staid dignity which characterized William Penn. They are to be found in the ranks of the clergy, and some of the American Bishops were once either Friends or descendants of Friends.

A Quaker girl named Paschall, who used to play with William White in his childhood, said that "Billy White was born a bishop, for she never could persuade him to play anything but church." The Reverend George Whitefield preached in Christ Church and at St. Paul's, and regularly at the old Academy in Fourth Street, where his wonderful elo-

quence drew many hearers, as he gave the message of Christ with marvelous power.

The Friends had meeting-houses at Market and Second Streets, and at Center Square, and in Front Street, above Mulberry Street, was the Bank Meeting, so called because the earth was cut down before it in Front Street. The new Public Buildings now crowd Center Square with a busy set of offices, and the population of a moderate town within themselves, where was once a forest of hickory and oak trees, in a region where deer and wild turkeys used to resort.

About A.D. 1695, the Presbyterians and Baptists met for worship in the same building, which was a little store styled "the Barbadoes-lot store," on the northwest corner of Chestnut and Second Streets. In 1695 the Reverend John Watts, from Pennepek Church, near Bustleton, served the Baptists, who were only nine in number. Pennepek was older, and had more members than the new congregation in the "great towne." The two small congregations met together for some time, and the ministers who could be procured by either denomination served both.

After three years a New England Presbyterian pastor appeared, named Jedediah Andrews, and, as the Baptists thought that the Presbyterians wished the complete use of the building, they withdrew, and went to the brew-house of Anthony Morris, " on the east side of Water Street, a little above the Drawbridge, by the river side," according to Watson.

The first church of the German Reformed body was in Race, near Fourth Street. It was built about 1747, in an octagon shape, with a steeple. The Reverend Michael Schlatter was sent from Holland as a minister. His life is sketched in my " History of Germantown," under the head of Chestnut Hill.

The Roman Catholic services may be traced, as Watson says, to a letter of Penn to Logan, in 1708, wherein he mentions that mass has been celebrated in Philadelphia, and the service is supposed to have been held in a frame building which had been a coffee-house, on the northwest corner of Front and Walnut Streets. A building at the southeast corner of Chestnut and Second Streets is

said to have been built for a chapel. In 1729 Miss Elizabeth McGawley, "an Irish lady," brought hither some tenantry, to the Dickson property, between Nicetown and Frankford, and had a chapel there. Mrs. Deborah Logan remembered seeing the ruins of the building in her girlhood. A priest named John Michael Brown was buried "in a stone enclosure" not far away. He died in A.D. 1750, and "R. I. P." is marked on his marble tombstone, an abbreviation for *Requiescat in Pace*. Let us hope that the loving prayer for the dead pastor of the early day has been made good, and that in Paradise he has entered on the joy which ever follows the servants of Christ here and hereafter.

It is a pleasant October morning. Let us take Southey's advice, drop our books, listen to the singing of the birds, and try to read from the open book of nature, written by the finger of God. We will walk down to Dock Street, and meditate on the days that are gone, never to return. There is a little haze in the Autumn air, and we begin to expect

the coming winter, but are determined to enjoy the warmth while it lasts.

A little down the broad Delaware we see a sail approaching. It draws nearer. There is something exceedingly strange about the craft. The wood lacks paint, the sails are brown and weather-worn. We put our hands over our brows and look again.

The wind is fair; on and on the phantom ship glides, though we see no pilot, and hear no seaman's calls as she nears the land.

The ghostly vessel has touched the wharf. We run to the side of it, and there meets us an ancient individual with a sweet and loving and venerable face, in which the pain of affliction seems mingled with the greater joy of victory as we hear him say, "No Cross, No Crown." The wide-brimmed hat and the dress of Friends leave us no more room for doubt. The veritable William Penn is before us. The earnest and longing and prayerful wish of the last painful years of an overworked and overtired man is now accomplished, and the founder of Pennsylvania stands again on the soil he loved so well, and for which he did and suffered so much. The

aged man has a dazed look as he gazes about him. His last remaining male descendant has left this world, and he feels that he must revisit its sunlight again, that he may see and know how his old colony fares as the centuries roll away.

We approach him, as we observe that he needs a guide in what is indeed now a new land to him—a new country grown out of an old one.

"Friend William," we say, "what do you seek, and how can we aid you?"

Penn *loquitur* (and it is a kind and pleasant voice), "My new and kind friend, I desire to know where Dock Creek is. We appear to have landed at the wrong place."

Such a query brings us face to face with the great changes which the passage of two long centuries have made in the City of Brotherly Love, and so our conversation runs on to the days that are past as I reply, "The needs of modern times have led to the walling over of the old creek which glimmered so beautifully in the sun when you first visited the land of your hope."

"I sadly regret this violation of nature,

and wish to see things as they were, rather than as they are; but I am weary with my long voyage. Please take me to Guest's House, which thou callest 'The Blue Anchor Tavern.' I well recall mine host, and would meet him again."

"I am pained to disappoint you once more, but the tavern has disappeared in the lapse of time. Great hotels which are almost like palaces have taken the place of the oldest inn of Philadelphia; the times and the people are greatly changed. I will conduct you to one of them. Let us take a trolley car."

The Quaker garb and antique dress drew the gaze of many modern Philadelphians as the Proprietary entered a car in wonder, and asked what propelled the strange vehicle. When informed that electricity was the motive power, his wonder knew no bounds. As he looked out of the wide windows he saw the Bourse, and inquired what it could be. He was told that the increased trade of the city demanded a house of exchange for domestic and foreign business. Next the old State House met his eye, and he was in-

formed of the Revolutionary war, and the sale of nearly all of the Penn lands to the new State. Then the modern sky-scrapers attracted his notice. "What are these Towers of Babel," he cried, "that strive to reach heaven in a town where humble men once dwelt in caves?"

The answer came, "The town is so crowded, and the greed of gain so great, that a whole village is crowded on a single lot, and thousands are shielded under one roof in the upper part of the city, while the real and ancient city where you dwelt is becoming of less account."

With a shrug of deep dissatisfaction my companion replied that he would like to visit the "Letitia House," where he had enjoyed many hours. He learned with displeasure that the rushing city had found the old building in the way, and so had pushed it out into the Park. He was glad that it was allowed to live somewhere, and thought that the green grass, and the quiet hillside better agreed with its history than the busy street, which would be worried in the midst of its

LETITIA PENN'S COTTAGE

feverish haste by the calmness of this antique relic.

The vast stores, the strongly-built banks, and the splendid churches called forth many an exclamation of surprise, as the old man viewed the "greene towne" which he had imagined in its foundation, when a few hardy adventurers settled along the bank of the broad Delaware River, or thrust themselves, with their huts and simple dwellings, a little way into the bushes that claimed prior possession of the inner land.

The Public Buildings catch the eye of the observant Penn. "What is this enormous pile on my old Center Square," he cries, "where I allotted ten acres for a public ground?"

The answer came, "The public needed this, or thought they did, or those who ruled them made them think they required this tract for buildings for dispensing justice in the city. Here, in the vaults, you may find old deeds of your own day, and the signatures of Indian chiefs."

"Where are the Indians?" he said.

"Gone to the happy hunting-grounds," I replied.

"What has been done with my 'Great Law,' which cost me so much thought and care, and which even my friend John Locke admired?" said Penn.

The one addressed was forced to say, "The 'Great Law' is no longer in use, though the good principles which you instilled into the people are not dead."

"Do any such political troubles exist as were rife in my young colony, and which troubled me greatly, whether I was here or in the old country?" I was here obliged to hide my blushing face, and make no reply.

The Philadelphia Library drew from Penn a tear, as he thought of his faithful Logan, to whom it is so much indebted. The Episcopal Academy led me to tell him of the grandeur of the University of Pennsylvania, and its wide work under Provost Harrison; and he was delighted to hear that his early efforts for education had been so much extended.

We now entered a magnificent hotel, and a menu was put before us such as was not

dreamed of two centuries ago. It did not please our visitor, and he spoke of the simple way in which he had spent his days in the Pennsylvania life of his time, when tame and wild fowl and fish and the fruits of the earth had satisfied his frugal appetite.

"Where are the native trees of the town?" he asked, as we came out into the air. "I named my streets for them, and delighted in their odor, and considered them as lovely monuments of an elder day, when forests covered this good land. I would dearly love to see all these towering buildings swept away, that I might look once more on the pleasant little hills and valleys and streams that diversified my new town, my virgin Philadelphia, now so sadly marred by man's efforts at improvement. Let us take my barge and leave this place, and go to beloved old Pennsbury!"

It was a sad necessity that impelled me to say that his mansion no longer existed.

He then asked for the Slate Roof House of William Trent, where his son John was born, and which would be full of pleasing recollections of the wedded life of himself and

good Hannah Callowhill. I could only say, "Ichabod," and, with a sigh from him for departed glory, we walked on.

The philanthropist was pleased to see his figure elevated above the dust and smoke of the city on City Hall, and to be told that a people, ungrateful in his first work for them, now remembered him with great honor.

During our conversation the rapid bicycles had been flying past us, and one careless rider brushed the coat of the aged man. He started in wonder to hear that men to-day rode a single wheel. A little further on a noiseless vehicle was speeding along, and I did not notice his danger until an automobile had pressed him to the ground. He was not badly injured, and an ambulance conveyed him rapidly to the Pennsylvania Hospital. There kindly doctors and nurses cared for him, but when I called the next morning to inquire about him he had vanished, and I could hardly believe I had ever seen him.

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SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATIONS

ROTTERDAM, THE HOME OF WILLIAM PENN'S MOTHER.

MODERN RESTORATION OF PENNSBURY.

REV. S. F. HOTCHKIN.

HON. THOS. V. COOPER, in "The American," Media, Pa., December 19, 1903.

"Penn's Greene Country Towne" is the quaint title of pen and pencil sketches of early Philadelphia and its prominent characters, by Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, of Bustleton. We have read it, and have been charmed by every chapter; in fact, any one having knowledge of Philadelphia and its surroundings will find their interest growing with each succeeding incident and chapter. The Rev. Mr. Hotchkin is not unknown to Delaware County, and for years he was a sketch writer for the "American." He is the author of "History of Germantown," "The Old York Road," "Bristol Pike," "Rural Pennsylvania," etc. He is a charming writer, his English plain and fine, and he has the faculty of making every incident which he touches upon doubly interesting, even where the reader has known of it before. We say most decidedly that all who wish knowledge of Philadelphia and its adjacent counties should place in their libraries all of the Hotchkin works.

GENERAL W. H. H. DAVIS, in the "Doylestown Democrat," December, 1903.

The Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, Bustleton, one of our most prolific authors, has recently added a new and inviting volume to his publications, and one of the most interesting. Few books of any kind bring to mind so many pleasant thoughts and reflections to a Pennsylvanian. The title alone suffices to make the book popular. * * * From cover to cover the story of William Penn and his colony is rehearsed with increasing interest. The title of the book is typical of what Penn did for his colony by the constant adding of "Greene" spots to the picture. Interest in the book is largely increased by the beautiful illustrations that adorn the pages, and the handsome manner in which Ferris & Leach, the Philadelphia publishers, have brought it out.

REV. JOHN FULTON, D.D., in "The Churchman," January 30, 1904.

Fact and fancy are interestingly mingled in "Penn's Greene Country Towne," pen and pencil sketches of early Philadelphia and its prominent characters, by the Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, of St. Luke's, Bustleton, in suburban Philadelphia. (Ferris & Leach). The interest of the volume is considerably enhanced by reproductions of old prints, portraits and scenes, and the narrative is carried well to the end of the seventeenth century. Penn takes, of course, the largest, but by no means an undue, place, and the long index of names at the close shows how wide has been the reach of the author's long gleaning in the area of this interesting colonial field. The religious interest naturally bears a prominent part.

(From a Personal Letter.)

I should think that every Philadelphian, and, indeed, every Pennsylvanian, would be glad to have that book.

PRESS NOTICES.

The venerable and learned Rector of St. Luke's Church, Bustleton, Rev. Dr. S. F. Hotchkin, has compressed a good deal of interesting antiquarian lore and not a little fancy into his life of William Penn. * * * He has made an interesting and gossipy book, which will serve to enlighten many who have not delved deeply into the history of the origin of the city and the unique plan upon which it was founded.

—*The Public Ledger*, Philadelphia, January 24, 1904.

This community is again under obligation to Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, of Bustleton, for his "Penn's Greene Country Towne," which comprises pen and pencil sketches of early Philadelphia and its prominent characters. * * With the painstaking industry which characterizes all his work, Mr. Hotchkin has collected a large quantity of varied and interesting material, mostly entirely outside the beaten path of history makers, from many different sources, which he has arranged in convenient shape and attractive form for the student and reader.

—*Doylestown Intelligencer*, December 12, 1903.

Rev. S. F. Hotchkin, Rector of St. Luke's Church, at Bustleton, has written, under the title of "Penn's Greene Country Towne," a book of sketches in which he has pictured the life of the founder of the city, the events of its settlement and early progress, and the personal relation of Penn and his family to the city and its people. The aim of the author has been to present a narrative which, while entirely faithful to the records, would also admit of a judicious exercise of the imagination in making inferences and in producing a vivid impression as to the personality of the Founder, his habits, his moods, his manners and his daily life. Nowhere is there any departure from historic evidence, nor, on the other hand, is the book intended to be a "historic romance"; it simply employs the faculty of insight into facts, while adhering to the general lines of a narrative, and show how they may be made susceptible of a familiar, pleasant treatment, which at times takes on a colloquial form. Mr. Hotchkin does it with a sympathetic interest in his subject and brings to it an extensive knowledge gained through his explorations of local annals.

—*The Evening Bulletin*, Philadelphia, February 13, 1904.

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